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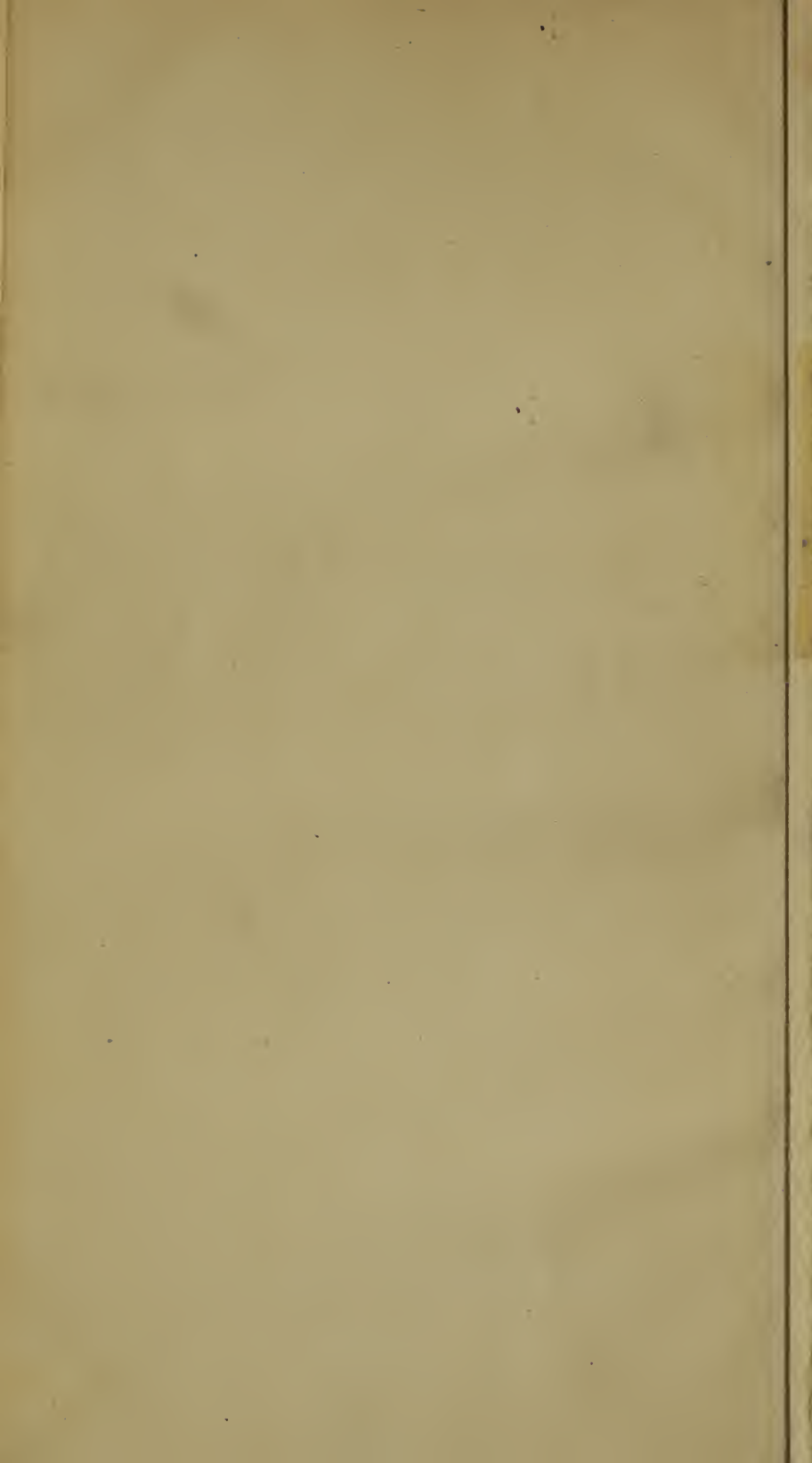
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THE

FUDGE FAMILY

IN

Washington.

EDITED BY HARRY NIMROD.

Ho riso di molti che probabilmente ridevano di me; tal è la nostra natura; ci burliamo reciprocamente gli uni degli altri, ed abbiamo tutti ragione, perchè siam tutti ridicoli.

DEODATI.

Baltimore:

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Oct. 16. 1878

DISTRICT OF MARYLAND—TO WIT:

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the Thirty-first day of December, in the Forty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, A D 1819, Joseph Robinson, of the said District hath deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor in the words following, to wit:—

“The Fudge Family in Washington. Edited by Harry Nimrod. “Ho riso di molti che probabilmente ridevano di me; tal è la nostra natura; ci burliamo reciprocamente gli uni degli altri, ed abbiamo tutti ragione, perchè siam tutti ridicoli. Deodati.”

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, “An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned.” And also to the act, entitled, “An act supplementary to an act, entitled, ‘An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,’ and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints.”

PHILIP MOORE,
Clerk of the District of Maryland.

NOTE.

In consequence of the Publisher not having it in his power to consult the Editor, he hopes the Editor as well as the public will excuse him if in his corrections of the proofs he has committed any blunders,--particularly as a considerable portion of the work was in a hand almost illegible.

PREFACE.

THE following Epistles fell accidentally into the hands of the Editor. From a letter accompanying them, (without a superscription) written in a *cypher*, the Key of which was fortunately left in the bundle of papers, it appears that they were intended to be sent to some near relations in England, to afford them an opportunity of viewing the manners, habits, and modes of thinking in this country. They profess to be “in return for the very agreeable letters written by yourself, your son Bob, and your daughter Biddy, from Paris, which you were so polite as to send me,” and which the writer very modestly adds, “are so much like *gold* compared with our *dross*, that I still remain largely your debtor.” Indeed he goes so far as to express an apprehension, “that the prolixity of our letters”—(the fault he justly observes of all American productions,) “may even make them be regarded by you as *heavy*, and suggest to you the expediency of employing them in the next *libration* of your Regent, which I perceive, by your letter to Lord Viscount Castlereagh, of the 28th of August, you propose shall take place at the close of every session of parliament:—Should the speeches of Sir ‘John Cox Heppey’ and ‘the whole of Ragley’s

“beauteous dame’ whom you propose ‘to pitch in,’
 “fail ‘to raise him,’ his ‘ponderous scale’ will at
 “least be ‘stirred’ by these letters, and with the
 “addition of the Debates on the Seminole War,
 “which you have doubtless received, even made to
 “kick the beam.”

There is certainly something mysterious in the affair of the *cypher*; but if we admit, what from concurrent circumstances, appears to be certain, that these letters are from Paul Fudge, Esq. of Virginia, to his relation Phil. Fudge, Esq. of England, it may be accounted for, by supposing that the desire of the former to be considered a *good democrat*, (a desire which the present *settled* state of things in this country renders as natural as it is common,) made him anxious to conceal his intimacy with so notorious a Tory as the latter; to whom, probably for similar reasons, the plan was equally agreeable. This conjecture is strengthened into conviction, by the precautionary language, and the *caballistic* air of the whole letter.

Mr. F. also promises to send by another opportunity, the letters of his son Mr. Bob, “a youth of parts” he says “who writes a *great deal* and I assure you, “writes *Juvenaliter*.” From some *excerpta* of Mr. Bob’s I have found, such as *Loripidem rectus derideat*, *Æthiopem albus*, and

“Shameful are these examples, yet we find

“To Rome’s disgrace, far worse than these behind,

To recline now and then, beneath some shady tree,
 And appearing to read, though my eye-lashes see¹³
 A Hero, who stands on the opposite shore,
 Exclaim to himself " Ah ! how lovely, how pure !
 " Are the children of nature compar'd with these
 " creatures,
 " Who deform by a life in the Town, their fair features;
 " Oh ! I wish I'd a boat, and I knew how to row it !"
 And *I* would wish too,—but I'd not let him know it.

Then *if* with this Hero my fate 'twas to wed,
 And the path of this life we together should tread,
 How deliciously then would the stream of Life glide,
 As rolling along it grew wide and more wide,
 And at last disappeared in I'ime's great ocean tide.

[13] See the last note in the Appendix.

NOTES.

(Page 4.)

As like an Hamadryad I stroll'd 'mongst the trees.

Although our modern country nymphs and the ancient Hamadryads have an almost complete resemblance, being both such lovers of trees as to justify Servius's derivation of the name from ἄμω and δρῦς, i. e. they were born and died with a certain tree, yet a careful and classical observer may discover an interesting distinction. The vitality of the ancient Hamadryads, as we learn from Ovid, (Meta. lib. 8. v. 749) was chiefly connected with oaks, "Dordonia quercus";—the modern nymphs, as appears from a former part of the text, are rather attached to pines. It is to be hoped too that our nymphs are not destined to reach the same venerable distinction that the Hamadryads are said by Ausonius to have acquired, to be the *oldest* nymphs in the world, nor to sacrifice what one of them did to Æneas for the sake of a tree. Vide the story as related from Charron of Lampsacus, by Natalis Comes, (Mythol. lv. cap. 11.)

(Page 5.)

Resemble a curious genus of Pisces.

It is difficult to say whether Miss Kitty uses this expression in the sense in which the English say "an odd fish," or whether she really means to assert that there is a similitude between a modern lady of fashion, and a whole *genus* of fish. Our perplexity arises, not only from an ignorance of ichthyology, but from the difficulty of ascertaining the point of view in which the comparison is made,—whether it relates to form, habits, moral or physical qualities, or to all united. Artedi,

Willoughby, Ray, Lacepede, &c. who have been consulted, furnish no satisfactory solution of Miss K.'s analogy. Many *genera* are described by them which obviously bear a considerable resemblance to that *lusus artis*, a young lady accoutred in the height of the modern fashion, but they all fail in some essential particular. Thus we are told by Lacepede of the *squale marteau*, the *squalus zygaena*, *capite latissimo transverso mallei instar* of Linnaeus. "Sa conformation est frappante," (good,) but he says it balances itself by its *head*, which is notoriously the very part by which young ladies always lose their balance; but he further observes, "les yeux sont placés au baut de ce marteau, sont *gros et saillans*," (this corresponds well enough with the fashionable stare, not occasioned as in fish, by the absence of *palpebræ*, but by their *non use*) But in the following description all observers of the female eye will agree that the comparison entirely fails:—"pour peu que l'animal s'irrite, il tourne et anime, d'une manière effragante, ses yeux qui s'enflamment." Of the *squale pantouflier*, the *squalus tiburo* of Linnaeus, called in French Guiana, *la demoiselle*, the author tells us, "la tête a quelque ressemblance avec un *coeur*," a resemblance which those who have studied women, pretend frequently to have observed, differing however, as to whether they are equally *hard*, or equally *soft*:—"La langue est cartilagineuse, *rude*, (hence probably the name of *squale*, or *squall*, and *squalus catulus*, or *squalling little cat*) large, epuisse, *courte*, (here the analogy fails,) arrondie par desant, *attacheé par dessus* (another discrepancy,) mais libre dans son contour. L'extrémité du dos, (that is, we presume, the shoulders) presente une *fossette* ou *cavité*. (here we begin to see bottom) L'estomac a une forme *conique*;"—This corresponds exactly with R. P. Knight's description of a modern beauty "equipped for conquest," (during the period of hoops and stays,)—"a head so disguised as to resemble that on no living creature, placed upon an *inverted cone*, the point of which

it is conjectured that he is a youth, in whose head the *organ of self-esteem*, constitutes a very prominent portion, and who is not altogether pleased with every thing he saw in Washington.

Mr. F. speaks also of a letter he had written, addressed to the Freeholders of the district in which he resided, proposing himself as a candidate for Congress, which he had imbibed an inclination to become a member of, during his residence in Washington. We need not however *much* regret the loss of this address, if it is pitched on the same *scale of proportions* with some other circulars I could name. The letter he mentions, in which he encloses the address to his brother, and discusse the probability of his election, is unquestionably a much greater loss; for it no doubt developēs some of the very *curious labour-saving machinery* of a canvass.

But the epistle, the absence of which is most to be regretted, is that of Mrs. Molly Fudge to her house-keeper Mrs. Deborah Thrift, informing her of their intention to return home, and directing her to prepare for the reception of a large company, among whom were the intended husbands of her two daughters, who after having been disappointed in their extravagant expectations, wound up their career by marrying, one of them (report says) an English fortune hunter and worn out debauchee, and the other a young Virginia philosopher, whose pretensions to philosophy

were amply established, *in the opinion* of Miss Kitty, by the fact of his having become enamoured of herself.—This letter would have been highly interesting, as it contains the *denouement* of the story, and as it probably afforded some most useful practical lessons on the subject of domestic economy, in which although, as we may suppose, Mrs. Fudge is very *scientific*, she is said *greatly to have improved* during her short visit to Washington.

The letters now published are interesting not so much for variety of matter or elegance of composition, (for they are evidently by unpractised hands,) as for developing, very fairly, the consequences of two very opposite systems of education now in vogue. The system of fashionable education indeed, has very little peculiar in it. It prevails in all cities, and carried to extremes, generally produces such a character as Miss Dolly's.—The other has every thing peculiar. The first thing remarkable in it is, that it belongs to no other part of the habitable globe but Virginia; where, although very wholesome ideas *still* prevail, respecting female education, it is making an alarming progress. But it is impossible to enumerate all its anomalous qualities. I shall content myself with designating it, so far as it relates to human learning, as the *Catholepistemi** system, and as it relates to morals, manners, taste, &c. the *Della Cruscan*, re-

* Καθολικὸς, *generalis*, et *Επιημη*, *scientia*—

lying upon the letters themselves to unfold the theory and practice of this *unique* mode of education.

I have prepared some notes for the better elucidation of the obscure passages, in which task I have derived eminent advantage from the aid of some valuable friends, who have furnished me with much useful information that in my comparatively secluded situation, I could not otherwise have obtained.† When I had got the volume ready for the press, I made a journey to Cornhill, the residence of Mr. Fudge, to ask his permission to publish it; but I had the inexpressible mortification to find, that the whole family had just sailed for England, with Miss Dolly, (now Mrs. Folly,) and her husband.

As I am entirely unacquainted with many of the most prominent persons alluded to in the letters, and have but a limited acquaintance with the rest; and as moreover, from their standing in society, and their acknowledged merit, I bear them *all*, great good will, I had some scruples in submitting the volume to the world, without the sanction of the authors, but on consulting my friends, they seemed disposed to think, that as the letters, from their tone and temper were evidently of a *sportive* and not of a *malignant* cha-

† The Publisher has to apologize for the accidental destruction of some of these valuable notes; the loss of which was not discovered in time to enable the Editor to supply him with another copy—He hopes however to repair the omission, should the work reach a Second Edition.

racter, and as many of the most sarcastic allusions were founded on *mere report*, their publication could not seriously injure either the persons who figure in them, or the writers. Whatever may be the correctness of this opinion, as the letters are now fairly my property, and as it is impossible to obtain the consent of the authors to publish them, I shall proceed without it, and am willing to assume *all the responsibility* which can attach itself either to them, or to myself.

HARRY NIMROD,

Ville-ou-Avon.

LETTER I.

FROM MISS KITTY FUDGE TO HER AUNT MISS BRIDGET VIRGINIA FUDGE, OF FUDGE COTTAGE, IN VIRGINIA.

Occoquan, Dec. 1818.

DEAR AUNT, being stopp'd by the weather this morning,

While Papa and Mama at the fire are yawning,
And saying, "that we are not at home is a sin,
So fine for a *killing*, this snow would have been."

I seize this occasion to drop a few lines,
'The first I have had since I quitted the pines,
Which embosom our dear little cottage Cornhill,
Where though *I'm* far away—*Ah!* my heart remains
still ;

And, if now I've not time, for a letter, your Kitty
Will finish it off, when she gets to THE CITY.

You know that this trip, Aunt, was never my choice,
But as dutiful girls ever stifle their voice
When their parents command them,—I therefore con-
sented,

And (though I assure you, I often repent it,)
When at my importunity, Pa had agreed
To return:—*I insisted* that he should proceed ;
Though nothing 'tis true I expect there to find,
To compare in the least with all I left behind,

'Stead of groves ever shady and banks ever green,
 Nought but streets, (very dirty ones too) can be seen,
 'Stead of maiden simplic'ty and rural content,
 The girls so on husbands are said to be bent,
 That one of them lately, so said cousin Peg
 In a letter she wrote me, had married a *leg* :¹—
 Ah ! Innocence how little thou can'st here tarry !
 Where the girls *e'en confess*, they are willing to marry ;
 Indeed, Aunt, so rife here are snares for a stranger,
 That even *my* innocence is in some danger.

What has put me too, Aunt, in an elegant passion,
 Mama says she'll compel me to go in the fashion,
 And what very hard is, I cannot refuse
 To do what Mama says—at least I don't chuse.
 Ah ! instead of wild flowing or braided with flowers,
 In one of those bonnets that look like shot towers,
 Those locks will be hid, that once play'd in the breeze,
 As like an Hamadryad, I stroll'd 'mongst the trees.
 But still worse,—there again are those terrible stays,
 Which twist you about in such curious ways,
 That when men and women are seated at table,
 To distinguish between them, you'd scarcely be able ;

(1) Miss Kitty probably alludes here to a certain diplomattick wedding, celebrated between Mademoiselle O—— and Don H——, whilst one of them was in Europe and the other in the United States. The ceremony is performed in such cases by means of a proxy, who is generally selected from among those antique remnants of mortality, in whom all ardour of imagination is supposed to be completely extinguished. It consists, as the story goes, of the proxy putting one of his legs booted and spurred into the bed of the bride, and in drawing it out again, when the parties are considered as indissolubly bound together in holy wedlock.

Though when walking along it is easily done,
 They've for each leg a petticoat—we for both one.
 Even then, I am sure, were Linnæus to pass us,
 With the whale and the leather-wing bat he'd not class
 us,
 For much more than *mammalia*, the corsetted misses,
 Resemble a curious *genus of Pisces* ;*
 For this learning, dear Aunt, I will make no apology,
 As I blush not to own I have studied zoology,
 For Lucinda I think when she blush'd to discover,
 That she understood Latin to Cœlebs her lover,†
 Behav'd very silly, and I'll be above her ;—
 But these corsets Mama says are so indispensable,
 That for one not to have 'em is quite reprehensible,
 That e'en gentlemen now when they went to the
 forum,
 Left the *Toga* at home and continually wore 'em ;
 And she nam'd the old lawyer that made such a spirt,
 “ *I believe he's from Maryland,*”² with Mr. W——t,
 He who turns up his nose at your lawyers and judges,
 But thinks fighting about 'em, more silly than fudge is:
 But what I esteem the most difficult task,
 At a store, *I've myself*, for these corsets to ask ;—
 I declare I'm too modest ;—that 's to ask for the bone,
 And the corsets are useless to take them alone.
 But I vow, Aunt, I vow, by the Fates that do part us,
 I never will ask any man for my garters.

* See Appendix.

† See Cœlebs in search of a wife.

(2) We confess that we do not understand this allusion. Perhaps the members of the 14th congress could throw some light on it.

Though since in short petticoats they have been dash-
 ing,
 French garters you *must* have, and those very flashing,
 As when walking or waltzing there's sometimes a
 breeze,
 Which flirts them, in spite of one, over one's knees ;
 Thus Dolly Fudge writes, and she says *Ah ! diable !*
 They are motto'd besides "*nous sommes insepa-*
rables."³

This *waltz* I should dread, but Pa says 't is a dance
 That 's " a demon ⁴ of Germany, brought up in France."
 Which from decent society we should all banish,
 Or leave to the Germans, the French or the Spanish ;
 On my dancing it, therefore, Ma will not insist,
 And e'en if she did, her command I'd resist.
 Thus you see I escape at least one of the dangers,
 Which in cities surround unsuspecting young stran-
 gers ;
 And among all my woes, consolation I find,
 That though you and the bowers I've left far behind,
 I expect there my brother and sister to meet,
 Already it makes my fond heart 'gin to beat,
 For I'm sure it will be, Aunt, exceedingly sweet.
 I confess though to you I am puzzled a little,
 At least I am not sure, to precisely a tittle,

(3) This appears to be a favorite motto on French garters—to which those who wear them might generally add without any breach of truth, *nous n'en sommes pas coupables*.

(4) Notwithstanding the horror with which some very discreet young ladies regard this demon, they frequently are guilty of great

How I should receive 'em, or which to kiss first,—
 To swoon—or to laugh—or in tears out to burst;
 For neither my mem'ry, nor that of my mother's
 How Caroline did, when she met her two brothers,
 Now serves us to tell, and I have left behind me,
 The incomp'able book that alone could remind me.⁵

Oh! what feasting of reason and flowing of soul,
 What sentiment will there not be, on the whole,
 In the family, for though the rest are not quite
 As Bob and myself are, so much in the light,
 Which the flambeau of science has spread o'er the
 earth,
 Yet they all will derive both instruction, and mirth,
 By listening to us, when *for them*, we are talking,
 And over the *commons* of science are walking.

You know Bob for his genius was much celebrated,
 When at William and Mary he matriculated,
 And O—l—e said, when he quitted his school,
 "Ev'ry one but himself there, to Bob was a fool,"
 And if into half-madman⁶ like him he'd been wrought,
 I declare his own equal, the lad would be thought.

familiarity with him under a less obnoxious form, and we every day see girls who are quite shocked at the idea of waltzing, permitting as in the Waltz Cotillion all those affectionate demonstrations of regard, which the insinuation of arms, &c. &c. would evince, but which in a *bonafide* waltz would be excessively alarming to their delicacy indeed.

(5) In Patronage—Miss Edgeworth, as might be supposed, is one of the *Magnates* of the *Catholepistemician* school.

(6) Whilst we admit and even contend for this proportion of lunacy in the composition of the gentleman alluded to, we shall strenuously contend, that the other half does not consist of the ingredi-

When he took his diploma 't was thought that his
 knowledge,
 Surpass'd that of any boy's then at the college,
 And when he came home, Mama said " he's so sensible,
 Not a word that he speaks, is to me, comprehensible ;"
 But now that he's travell'd on classical ground,
 I engage, in Virginia, his match can't be found,
 And if whilst in Europe, it was Bobby's lot,
 To know the two Edgeworths and Byron and Scott,
 How delightful 't will be to be told their opinion,
 Of all of us here in the Ancient Dominion,—
 Though I hope what they think they've not learnt from
 the mouth,
 Of him who the " Letters" once wrote " from the
 South,"
 Nor of him who declares when we visit the races,
 The tops of the carriages are our places,⁷

ent insisted on by that malicious fellow Cobbet, who when the gentleman, we suppose Miss K. alludes to, complained in the publick papers, that the said Cobbet had been *afraid* to publish a piece he sent him, on the alien and sedition laws, declared in apology for this neglect that he had no recollection either of the author or the piece, but on seeing his attack on him, he had been induced to search among his old rubbish papers for the essay in question, and after a good deal of trouble he had at length found it endorsed in his own hand writing *half madman, half fool*.

(7) Inchiquin the jew, whom for some things we highly commend makes this assertion—Inchiquin is under a mistake.—We happened to be present at the races alluded to—There were but two young ladies seen that day by us on the tops of carriages, and only two, and

Nor of Jeffrey who did only one person see,
Asham'd in this country, and that's H—y L—.⁵

As for Dol, Aunt, you know that a sister's affection,
 Forbids I should cast on her any reflection,
 But I can't but suspect that she'd prove superficial,
 If in critical court, she'd a trial judicial;
 And though skill'd on the harp or piano to play,—
 St. Cecilia herself she excels in that way,—
 Though she draws like a Zeuxis—like Bulbul she
 sings,
 "Her mind *but* hangs on walls, and vibrates but on
 strings."⁹
 And of science she has but a very small smattering
 And, (I'd not have it thought that myself I am flat'ring,)
 I do not believe that the *clay* of her mind,
 As Bobby's and mine, has been quite so refin'd,
 As all novels declare that impossible it is
 That young ladies who have been brought up in the
 cities,

they were both from Ph—l—d—lph—a. We make this statement, not because it is necessary to vindicate the Virginian ladies, but merely for the satisfaction of Miss Kitty, who takes the matter much to heart.

(8) Jeffrey is said to have asserted, that he saw not one modest woman and only one modest man.—(See *Fragment of his Journal in the Port Folio for Jan. 1815.*) We venture to affirm that he could not have seen *less than one impudent man* every morning.

(9) The fine arts are little valued by the disciples of this school. *Science* alone is worthy the attention of exalted minds.

Can like those in the country be simple and pure,
And they speak—what they think, I am perfectly sure.

With Dol, then, I do not expect all that pleasure,
Which souls that are kindred can taste without mea-
sure,

It is only (at least I expect so) with Bob,
Each pulse of my bosom responsive will throb,
And in science and art, to be up to the *hob*.

Ah! thanks to thee, Aunt! when Pa gave his per-
mission,

That Dolly and I should be sent for tuition,
'To that sink, Philadelphia, because his rich sister,
(Would to heav'n that Doll well as I could have
miss'd her)

Had agreed to pay for it, you kindly stepp'd forward,
And declar'd if each cent of the money you borrowed,
To bring up your own way at least one you'd retain,
And 't was my happy lot, Aunt, with you to remain :—

It is you that have sav'd me from all of those arts,
Which you say, a vile boarding-school ever imparts.

It was you that assured me no modest girl play'd
On the harp, as between our knees it is laid ;

'That 't was dang'rous to waltz, as the twining of arms,
When whirling around, gives the strangest alarms ;

It was you that first taught me that beauty' ideal,

That *goodness* alone is the beauty that 's *real* ;

That better it was, to be crooked and good

Than be bad, and as straight as I possibly could.

That I should not correct that most int'resting stoop,

Which makes me resemble the half of a hoop ;

That no matter how brown a complexion I wore,
 Provided I got it, in nursing the poor ;
 As each dose of physick to poor people given,
 Repaid you by giving you credit in heaven,—
 Though I try now to straighten—e'en use *lait des roses*,
 That I do it for *beauty* I'll ne'èr confess ;
 It is only for health,—and the bumps on my nose,
 For on *beauty, as beauty*, I lay little stress ;
 Yes ! 'twas you that bestow'd on me *all* of that know-
 ledge,
 Which the youths of this country acquire at college.
 And as if I got married, I should n't excel
 My husband too far, you observ'd it was well
 To make me his equal, and not my head stuff
 With any *one* article more than enough ;
 And therefore as you learnt, and the Doctors *la chy-*
mie,
 You would teach me *all things*, but would teach them
à demi.
 Oh, to you, Aunt I owe, that I am what I am.
 That I'm innocent yet, as pure as a lamb,
 Nor my science, complexion nor hair are a sham.¹¹

But, dear me, the weather's a breaking away,
 And it's going to be an exceeding fine day ;
 Pa has ordered the carriage and bids us get ready,
 For though it is late, as the horses are steady,
 (And well they may be) if the moon's very bright,
 He's determined to get to The City to-night,
 And a single more line I've not time now to write.—

(11) This is a pretty fair development of the theory as well as practice of Miss Kitty's school.

Though I'll try very hard if I cannot write two,
Just to bid you, Aunt Bridget, a hasty adieu.
Besides two that I take to declare I am your
Most affectionate niece, as no doubt you are sure.

KITTY FUDGE.

LETTER II.

FROM MISS DOLLY FUDGE TO HER AUNT MRS.
POLLY FLIRT FILLEN, OF PHILADELPHIA.

Washington City.

OH Aunt, my dear Aunt,—if my brain would be steady!

The things I have seen and have heard *for to* write you,

As R—n—ld would say.—in despair I am ready

To throw down my pen, though so much 't would delight you.

Indeed—I'd have tried!—to have written before,

But last week at a dance, where my skill I display'd

On my new tambarine, I my fingers made sore,

With knees, elbows and knuckles so hard on I laid;

I've the pleasure to say, though, that e'en S— —y
K—ne,

Could not have surpass'd me, if there she had been,

And if only my teeth had as her's been as white,

I'd as often have smil'd, and as gracefully quite.

Then the visits that I've been receiving and paying—

Parties, levees and concerts, cotillions and sleighing,

Excursions to Georgetown, where one goes a shopping

For cheap goods, as they tell you, and now and then
stopping

At the doors on the turnpikes—the streets I should
say,

For such they resemble—at least in their way,
To drop a few cards, for your friends must be *carded*;
Morning parties to Congress, for here they regard it
As a proof of your taste to attend their orations,
Tho' I think it a much greater proof of your patience.
By all this and more, I've been so occupied,
That I could'nt have written, indeed, if I'd tried,
And now I've *begun to*,¹ Oh! what shall I say?
How can I tell all?—e'en a sketch of each day,
Such *quires* would take that the length would near
reach

A fourth of July, or Congressional speech.

Yet, Oh! my dear Aunt, you will surely believe me,
Philadelphia and you reign supreme in my breast;
Not any thing I can see *here* will deceive me,

Philadelphia *was, is, and will e'er be*, the best:—
Where can there be found here a street like Chesnut?

Not Broadway itself with that street can compare,
And their batt'ry before all to pieces 't was cut,

Never came up to our superb *Centre Square*;²
Potowmac to Delaware, Hudson to Schuylkill,
I am sure to oppose them, no one such a fool will

(1) In Philadelphia, where they value themselves on the purity with which they speak the English language, nothing is more common than to hear the best educated use this form of expression—the sign of the infinitive without the verb.

(2) Which by the *by* is a circle.

Accuse me of being :—and as for the houses,—
Mason's hall and the *Banks*, why their match can't
 be found :—
 And always my choler it instantly rouses
 With the President's house that 's half hid under
 ground,
 To hear them compar'd :—for tho' as empty 't is quite,
Above all the town it don't seem to have risen,
 As the *Banks* all do there, Aunt, so papery and light—
 Indeed all the great buildings—except the State
 prison.

And, Oh ! what *Hotels* too, where *taverns* are kept,
 And nothing besides ; though so great an adept,
Rens—w you may think, yet I vow that his bills
 Are nothing but mere insignificant *pills*,
 Compared to the *boluses* you're made to swallow,
 By *S—th—r* and *D—v—s*, those chaps for a dollar.
Mantua-makers and mill'ners, I swear by the powers,³
 If I had n't brought with me a trunk full of flowers,
 My new *Leghorn* bonnet (indeed I don't jest)
 For the want of the trimmings, I could n't have
 dress'd ;
 So totally too are they here without taste,
 That for pearls they use wax, and for diamonds vile
 paste ;
 And the principal mill'ners—their *Madame Le Roy*,
 Is a *Mrs. M—c—n—ld*, whom I'll never employ :

(3) This is a trifling oath, which some city ladies are in the habit of using—out of *fun*.

O give me your Biddle, your Penôt, your Rasch,
 Who, though they 're a little too fond of your cash,
 Are the people for me when I'd make a great dash.
 And then for their cooks,—I am sure were you here,
 As skill'd as you are in the art *de bien vivre*,
 And fond of nice things, you would find no such cheer
 As at home you've been us'd to:—if you don't be-
 lieve her,

Your niece will take oath, since she came to the city,
 She has not seen a terrapin,⁴—think what a pity.—
 What though terrapins here in the waters abound,
 To dress 'em like *Marinot* none can be found,
 And the silly Virginians e'en swear if there ever should,
 Eat of such reptiles, they certainly never would;
 It only shews Aunt that they know not *what's what*,
 As we northern folks do all,—and why should we not?
 A few days ago 't was, when by my direction
 A *boned turkey* we had,—(would you think they
 have none,)

A gentleman who undertook it's dissection,
 Very *simply* declar'd he would like to get *one*
 Of precisely that breed, for that all his had bone,
 And he thought they improv'd with the fleshpart alone.
 Ah! it is not the terrapins most I regret,
 But no matter how keen here your appetite's set,
 Its *wire-edge* as you just are beginning to take off,
 Why, *malgré vos dents*, you're oblig'd short to break
 off,

(4) All travellers have been struck with the predominance of terrapins, stuffed turkeys, and fowls, particularly poulets, at a Philadelphia entertainment.

For here 't is consider'd as quite ungenteel
 As much as one wants to consume at a meal ;
 And too vulgar, like country folk 't is to encumber,
 Your table with any *superfluous* lumber ;
 This sort of gentil'ty 's a little the style

With us, as it is with the folks at this place,
 But oh ! our cook'ry makes up all the while
 And *Dupuy* even neck-beef will serve up with
 grace.

Ah ! when shall I see 'stead of ham, always ham,
 As it always is here too, dress'd *en epigramme*—⁵
 Venison kept a week only before it is dress'd
 Though that kept a fortnight, and more, is the best—
 Ah when shall I see *tête de veau en surprise*
 And *crèmes a la glace* which will make one's breath
 freeze,

Poulets, dear *poulets*, which we should adore
 If the fashion it was to be pagans once more,⁶
 Serv'd *a la sauce piquante où en marinade*
A la jardinière où en capilotade,
A la cavalière, en aspix Ecossaise
A la Saint Menehould, a la all sorts o' ways
 And *soufflés* and *patés* both *gros* and *petits*
 With *gateaux* and *geleés*, and *citron confis*,
 And “*temple de Solomon*,” built up “*en flummery*,”
 And all the *etcet'ras* of eatable mummery ?

(5) In French cookery we hear of *boeuf en epigramme*, *epaule de mouton en epigramme*, &c.

(6) In what system of mythology has Miss Kitty found that the worshippers *eat* the objects of their idolatry ?

Ah! when all of these shall I once more behold?

O! Genius of Marinot tell me, O tell!

And above all I pray thee, ah! let me be told

They shall not be *en epigramme*, but *eternel*.⁷—

And when at such a feast 't is my fortune to sit,

May I have the good luck on such servants to hit,

As *Shepherd* and *Bogle*, that quite matchless pair,

Who 're the best that we have,—nay the only ones
are.⁸

Perhaps 't is in dandies we 're nearest on par,

For all over the world the queer things alike are;

Though the Dandies of government—nothing but
clerks,

In their pantaloons shew off more *seams* and more
quirks:

[7] Also frequently seen in French cookery, *syllabus eternel*,
&c. &c.

[8] In Philadelphia they not only have publick codks but publick servants, and the stranger is not unfrequently surprised that the servants of all his acquaintances are so much alike, until he is let into the secret. We recommend to them, if they have not already thought of it, to have publick plates, knives, forks, confectionary, &c. taking care always to place the stranger who might very innocently be guilty of a trespass on the publick property at a distance beyond *point-blanc shot* and putting it by the citizens between whom there would of course be an understanding. This practice would enable a great many to cut a figure in the world and acquire a reputation for hospitality at a small expense. We have an interest in knowing whether if a stranger were to be so unfortunate as to destroy a publick pyramid or violate the sanctuary of a Temple de Solomon, whether the offence would be actionable, and how he could escape the penalty of the law.

And as for them, they pay,—if at all, from Sam's
treasure

They 're more like bushel bags and are in fuller mea-
sure ;—

But though more profusely they're *chorded* and *seam'd*
More *cordial* or *seemly*¹⁰ they shouldn't be deemed ;
And though *clerical* they are, don't think they're
devout

Except when the Bill for *their pay* comes about,
O! then their devotions are paid at the House,

And though they so noisy at parties appear,
With breathless attention,—as still as a mouse

Ev'ry vote that is giv'n they piously hear ;

And as D—gh—r—y's *nose* on each *aye* and *no* lingers
They tell not their beads Aunt, but all count their
fingers ;

For they know on the question, depends almost solely

The fate of their *soles*—to be *mended* or *hole-ly* ;

And whether,—(a question more awful they deem,)

They're to *drop* or to add to their trowsers a seam.

[9] Of a modern beau it may truly be said *materiam superat opus*.

[10] We have been surprised at Miss Dolly's abstinence from puns—the favorite species of wit in Philadelphia—where as it is held as an axiom that a pun must be very *good* or very *bad* to be *tolerable*, it is no wonder that the whole community are infected with the punning mania. Miss D. appears to have a turn for the latter description of puns.

Our dandies though *counter*-ones, do not much differ
 Except their cravats are both larger and stiffer.

But oh! if in so many things we surpass them,

There is at least *one thing*, in which I must tell you
 That far, very far above us you must class them

For in this, Aunt, the city does fairly excel you,—
 'T is, there *are* many more of those dear foreign crea-
 tures

Who are—so like themselves both in *manners* and
features ;—

Ah! *you* my dear Aunt, how this news will delight!

Yes! you who so often have taught me to know
 That nothing American's pretty or right—

And^d to scorn an American husband or beau ;—
 That I should not the *latter* have, but out of fun
 Nor the *former*,—unless I'm exceeding hard run ;
 But should marry a stranger and if a John Bull,

A nice British noble, fell not in my way,
 With a plenty of titles and purse very full,

“ Any sort—(you were always accustomed to say,)
 “ Irish, Scotch, Dutch or Frenchman, or even a *Bruin*
 “ Though the risk you encounter to run to your ruin,
 “ Prefer to a native, who worse still than that,
 “ May be a Virginian and curs'd democrat ;
 “ But if one you *must* have, ah! at least let his name
 “ Be Scotch, Irish or English—it is all the same : ”

And may it have been his good fortune to sup
 With the Duke,—with the Regent t' have taken a
cup,

To have cross'd the Atlantic—to see the Allies
 Like H—r—r, and *like* him have learnt to despise

* * * * *—except Mallet Du Pan¹¹

And that army before whom the C—b—t ran :

But who swears were the question a million of dollars
Or the blood of the Howard's,—that is, but a drop
of it,

He would see all the Howards strung up by the collars

Unless by the by, he could get a whole crop of it :—

This Aunt—was because he resided so long

Hard by Bowley's wharf,—'midst the mercantile
throng,¹²

But I'll wager he's changed since he's seen the great
Duke,

Kiss'd the paw of the prince, and had one gracious
look

From King Sandy, the Cossacks, old Blucher and
Kutusoff,¹³

And from all of those folks who at Ghent wished to
put us off.—

[11] The malicious Cobbett accused the Major General of too great an intimacy with the writings of this gentlemen—during the period of his oratorical career in Congress.

[12] "I had rather have one drop of the blood of the Howards in my veins," said an honourable gentleman "than a million of dirty acres or dirty dollars." "Oh! Mr. R." said the Major General, "you are too extravagant—if you could get all the blood of all the Howard's perhaps it might be worth the price, but for *one drop* it would be too great." "Sir," said Mr. R——, "you have lived too long in the neighbourhood of Bowley's wharf to be able to appreciate the sentiment I now utter."

[13] Miss D. should have known that Prince Kutusoff over whose gallantries the *moral* Quarterly Reviewers chuckle so, died before the negociation at Ghent.

Though A—ms so kindly regaled the whole squad
With a new sort of beverage mix'd by P—e T—d.

* * * * *
* * * * *

Oh the Duke! only think of it, how condescending
It was in his grace, to be blowing the coals,
On his knees—on the hearth too, most graciously
bending,

Without fearing to wear in his pantaloons holes!!
How queer are those English!—what singular taste!

I always have heard they were easily chous'd
And I dare say if I in her stead had been plac'd

In the fire itself e'en, his nose he'd have sous'd:
For these Irish you know—is the Duke, Aunt, a *true*
one?

When a girl's in the way Aunt, will go through and
through one.

Oh! I vow that if ever myself in the dative
To a husband I place, he shall not be a native¹⁴
Above all—or at least, 'tis my present opinion,
I never—no never!—will have a Virginian:

[14] The preference given by American ladies, at least the *opprobrians north of the Patowmac*, to foreigners over natives, has been remarked by every one who has frequented their society. How different were the sentiments of the Athenians on this subject. Proud of their superiority they were jealous in the extreme of intermarrying with foreigners. In the *Ion* of Euripides Ion proudly demands of Creusa

For I'm told, though it's sometime since there I have
been,

That the wives of Virginians, oh ! think what a sin !
Stay always at home, and do all sorts of works,
Whilst the men drink *mint-drams*, and fight duels
with dirks :

With *mechanics* the ladies too sit down to table,—
No distinction of classes indeed you are able
To see there,—except 'twixt the black and the white,
And even that in *some cities* is now very slight ;
Yet the *Negrophyles* think, that it still is too plain,
For they are resolv'd, not a shade shall remain ;
Nor will there unless M——'s new *gab*¹⁵ they should
try—

Then all fear of resembling them we may lay by ;
Their wives too darn stockings, and mend the men's
breeches,

But before in the last I'd be caught making stitches
I would wear them myself,—as for mending a
stocking,

I would do Aunt *as you done*,¹⁶ when *your* husband's
hose

Wanted patching—instead of that practice so shocking
Of darning, and darning, you bid him to close

[15] See Dialogues for Masters and Servants by the Rev. Mr. M. in a language as little like that spoken by the negroes, as theirs is like that of the most polished society. Mr. M. has made his friends much more ignorant than they are.

16] Another *Philadelphianism*.

The hole with court plaster, well stuck on his leg,
 Not a stitch you'd put in, though he stirr'd not a peg.
 But what is far worse, there, like so many cats
 The ladies, oh ! horrible ! suckle their brats—
 'Then there 's danger in *having* them too, I have
 heard,

Though I scarce think it true 't is so very absurd ;—
 They have no *accoucheurs* there, not in the whole
 state,

Men mid-wives the women *affect* so to hate,
 Though for my part—if I have occasion it seems
 I should not be tho' *up stairs above* having James ;
 For the English themselves, neither bourgeoisie nor
 highness,

Ever manifest such a ridiculous shyness.¹⁷

Then the negroes !—I heard in a speech t' other day
 Mr. M—r—r declare, *I myself* heard him say
 " That the whole of the lowlands was fill'd with *ban-*
ditti

" Who all day (how lazy !) in bushes lie hidden,

" But so daring at night were that e'en a city

" Could scarce from their clutches be cleverly rid-
 den,

[17] Vide the Gazettes, the account of the late accouchment of the Duchess of Cumberland in the presence of the Duke of Wellington and other distinguished persons. To the credit of Virginia ladies this practice has never been tolerated by them. It is entirely modern, even to the north, and is only worthy of such a country as Jeffrey affected to think the United States. The Romans had their *Lucina* and the Greeks their *Illythin*, from which we may gather their opinions on this subject. Even in France there are schools for the education of women in the obstetrical art.

“ And the houses so old are, whenever you tread,
 “ On the floor, you expect them to fall on your head.”¹⁹

But really dear Aunt, since you fail'd so to wheedle
 For *me* or *yourself*, that Scotch Marquis of T—e—le,
 I begin very much,—this betwixt me and you,
 To fear that my chance is become rather *blue* ;
 T' other day I was sitting with Pa and with Kitty
 Who with Ma, did I tell you ? are now in the city,
 And was thinking of nought but that fatal miscarriage,

With the Marquis who seem'd to think little of marriage,

When who d'ye think enter'd the room my dear Aunt
 But the V—s—t,—you know him ;—But tell you I
 can't

Your poor niece's confusion, *you* only can judge—
 When she said “*Mr. Dhuvack—the V—s—t de Fudge;*”
 But imagine dear Aunt, if I should 'nt have lost him
 By dropping V—s—t, when I went to accost him.—

[18] Upon the lowlands, said Mr. M., it seems as if some malediction had been shed. The habitations of our fathers have sunk into ruin. The fields they had tilled, have become a wilderness. Such is the table land between the vallies of our great rivers. Those newly grown and almost impenetrable *thickets* which have succeeded a wretched cultivation, shelter and conceal a *banditti*, consisting of this degraded, idle and vicious population, [the free people of colour] who sally forth from their coverts, beneath the *obscurity of the night*, and plunder the rich proprietors of the valleys. They infest the suburbs of the towns and cities where they become the depositaries of stolen goods, and schooled by necessity, [that is convenience] elude the vigilance of our defective police.

What timid young lady would encounter these horrors ?

What a chance there is here ;—if my fortune is such
 As to please the V—s—t, I shall not regret *much*
 That the Marquis and P— and A— the dunce,
 (Whom though on the *outside* his head just as thin
 As the *inside* is garnish'd, the girls you know once
 Set their caps for,)—were not by your schemes taken
 in.

Perhaps me like his noddle, the dunce would have
 dress'd,

Or like his new spouse who *herself here is shewing*;¹⁹
 But though like Virginians, all prudes at the best,
 To smother myself up I never am going,
 Yet,—(perhaps of their notions it is but a relick,)
 I would not like—*I think*, to be so *Eve* angelick.

Ah ! the V—s—t, the V—s—t ! ah ! he is the man,²¹
 At the first dance I meet him, my faux pas I'll dress
 up
 With the neatest excuse that I possibly can
 And as he's fond of waltzing as knows G—l J—p

[19] The foreign ladies wh visit this country generally afford us an opportunity of trying the value of Aristippus' rule to distinguish the wise from the foolish. *Mitte ambos nudos ad ignotos et videbis*, and it is to be regretted that many American ladies seem willing that their pretensions to wisdom, shall be ascertained in the same manner.

[21] How inelegant compared to the exclamation of Margaret in the Lay of the Last Minstrel,

Henry of Cranstoun, and only he,
 Margaret of Branksome's choice shall be.

And I *in* that excel,—O! who knows but we might,
 As he presses me close in the “perilous flight,”
 Be mutually lovely,—in each other’s sight:

We all are invited to sweet Mrs. B—g—t’s
 And as fidgetty are, just as so many maggots,—
 I’m preparing a dress—a fine muslin Pa gave me,
 But would you believe it, I can ’t here get the stuff
 For the trimming?—ah! if you are anxious to save me
 Step to Biddle’s, and tell her to send me enough—
 But I won’t have *inserting*—so cōmmon here it is,
 That scarce country ladies from those of the cities
 It serves to distinguish,—I think I’ll have *puffing*,
 That will do for the tail,—and as well for the *cuffing*;
 And Fagan, who now resides here I will order
 (You know Sally Fagan,) to put on the border,
 And if Rasch sends my necklace and Penôt my
 shoes,
 Perhaps when I write, I shall tell you good news.

Adieu my dear Aunt, but remember the flounce,
 I shall ever be your’s Aunt—if not the V—s—t’s.

DOLLY FUDGE.

LETTER III.

FROM PAUL FUDGE ESQ. TO HIS BROTHER MR.
PETER FUDGE.

Washington City.

At length, dear Brother, I have leisure
A line from Washington to measure——
That City which so fam'd a placè is
For wind and —— for r——s and races ;
Which though it bear a warrior's name,
For *peaceful arts* has reapt *some* fame ;—
Except indeed, in C—— Hall,
And even there instead of *ball*,
The only *lead* they ever use,
 (The lead that's always us'd by sages,)
Is that employed when their "*views*,"
 Are stamp'd on Gales and Seaton's pages.

This Capitol so late in ashes
Revives, and though it rather rash is,
To build again till in their power,
To fight —— at least a half an hour,
And that with something else than flour.¹
'T'will rise —— unless the Congress flinch,
A Phœnix, or at least —— *Bullfinch*.²

[1] We believe it was the Alexandrians, who employed this kind of ammunition.

2] The name of the present Architect.

To try the fortune of my daughters,
 Was one thing which to this place brought us ;
 But chiefly my desire to find
 The curtain how to peep behind ;
 Whereby to serve my native state,
 Whose influ'nce much declines of late ;
 And if an *office* I should take,
 It will be purely for her sake.

Now what each day I scrape together—
 In gossiping of news and weather,
 Which to these sev'ral objects tend,
 That you your kind advice may lend,
 By letter I'll communicate,
 Knowing you're not used to prate ;
 Silence our cause demands,
 Or else those Yankees may defeat us,
 With them no chance a *Buckskin* stands
 In intrigue,—where they always beat us.

When'er the question is in hand,
 Is our State to fall or stand ;
 What most Virginians think about—
 Next to themselves being *in* or *out* ;
 One needs must own it, we are curious,
 To know who next will be the President ;
 And though to *say it* is injurious,
 Of our State we wish a Resident.—
 The fact is we should all rejoice,
 To hear another was the choice,
 If one we possibly could find,
 Whose talents were in our mind,—

Sufficient for so great a station
 As President of this great nation ;
 But then the question's where they are ?
 You know in t'other States they 're rare,
 And verily, if that is true,
 I dispute geographick view
 As quite ridic'lous—" is he fit
 In the chair of state to sit,"
 The question is.—In my opinion,
 If he's from the " Old Dominion,"
 That a diploma of the fact is,
 Which quite expedient to exact 'tis.

'Tis true we are rid of our best,
 But notwithstanding 'mong the rest,
 There many still are left behind,
 Who've high pretensions in my mind ;
 For R——e and E——s and G———r B———r
 I strong predilections harbour,
 And many Democrats beside
 In whom we safely may confide ;—
 If the nation Federal be,
 Why then, there is—there is—let 's see,—
 (Though to Federalists not partial,)
 I have it—there 's C——— f J———e *Marshall*.

But Peter our State's career,
 From symptoms I discover here,
 In this *line of trade* I fear,

Is destin'd to be much curtail'd,
At length the famous "*Red Land's* fail'd.³

Men there are of high pretension,
Who are at our President's so yext,
They will—and through mere condescension,
Occupy the station next ;
Not indeed for their own sake,
But Virginia's power to break ;
A- she, instead of sharing fishes,
Takes all, they say, in her own dishes.

The first of these who has a squint on
The chair of state, is G—— C ——
The Sena Sama of his art,
And wholesale dealer in the mart
Of intrigue,—but if more you'd hear
Go to B—— —t G —— —r.
I've had however *intimations*,
That till ——'s eight years expire,
He's willing to exert his patience ;⁴
And that, (in case he do's n't tire,)
Hors d' combat he has offer'd,
To put those fellows —— and —— ——

3] We hope Mr. F. does not mean to insinuate, and from the adoption of this idea from a speech of Mr. John Randolph, that our President belongs to the vegetable kingdom.

[4] We doubt this.—This personage, like Cardinal de Retz, may be said to be "*fazioso unicamente per essere fazioso*,"——to cabal for the sake of caballing——or to keep his hand in.

Though ——— has no great objection
 To the chair, on sound reflection.
 He follows up P—n—x—r's rule,
 Or rather his advice, "Keep Cool;"
 He is a man of *shining parts*,
 Well vers'd in *multifarious arts*.

————'s another candidate,
 Who though no doubt he's *very great*,
 He too is willing to be quiet,
 Till the *proper time* to try it.

Next for this stake to *take a hand*,
 ——— without *looking* dares to *stand* ;
 And sooner than let James take all,
 And make another four years' haul,
 If all *throw up* he'll be no *wheeler*,
 But dare alone to *stump* the *Dealer* ;
 He will never cut by halves
 Like C—— ——— with his safety valves,
 But by *high steam* will mount the waves,
 Although his barque to pieces staves.

'Sides C—— C—— A—— C——
 ——— I'm told he squints that way,
 Though he is willing first to try
 At least, 'tis said, an embassy ;
 There one objection only seems—
 The system of *retaliation*,
 The government so much esteems,
 A minister to any nation,

Who to sense has much pretension,
 It will not send till they consent,
 To evidence some condescension,
 And justify the compliment ;
 Now though about his sense they wrangle,
 'Tis settled by *his facial angle*.—

I thought I had 'em all, but zounds !
 Here's that Bank champion Mr ——
 Among the rest he stands so *high*
 That he'll be tempted too to try ;
 However he takes things at leisure,
 Proceeding slow by *weight and measure* ;
 Perhaps he thinks 't would be temerity,
 Notwithstanding his procerity :
 But all are willing, *now* to wait,
 (What merit ! to submit to fate.)
 Until the P——— gets tir'd,
 (Or till his eight years have expir'd.)
 But ——— and even he 'tis said,
 Has *some such notion*, in his head.

'Tis well, for they would have to sow
 Their wild oats ere they oust ——— ;
 He's serv'd his time at his profession,
 And, all but one point in possession,
 He'd be indeed a precious ——
 If chous'd by fellows just from school ;
 No Peter, no ! that prime old cock ;
 For four years more is like a rock ;

Is fix'd in spite of factions sour,
 In spite of —— and the *tour* ;
 In spite of all a *novus homo*
 Could say about the *major domo* ;
 In spite of carpets and of chairs,
 And prophecies of Western Seers ;
 In spite of C—— —n and of —————
 And the fifteen cents a day,
 In spite of those two murder'd holies,
 The prophets of the Seminoles ;
 In spite of —— —'s *adagio*,
 Or *requiem* over Hillis Hadjo,
 And he (a member said,) may thank us
 Of Pensacola and Barrancas ;
 Again the eagle high will soar,
 And G——s will see it as before.⁵

Now then, Brother, now's the time,
 To power for his friends to climb,
 Now is the time for you and I,
 Our turn for state affairs to try,
 Though knowing ones declare the way,
 To get a post in our day,
 Is to take a strong position,
 Directly in the opposition ;
 Or else like —— to hang suspended
 Uncertain what you yet intended ;
 But if your friendship is too sure,
 You'll get good port—but nothing more ;

[5] See the papers of the day for the account of the inauguration, at which an eagle or some such large bird was seen hovering over the Capitol.

But I will try by the good old game
 Like —— did, I'll nothing blame.
 What I have reason most to fear,
 Is that I'll get an office here,
 And ill it suits my manners plain,
 Still less my purse to *entertain*,—
 Yet that 'tis said 's the *quid pro quo*.—
 All the m—mb—s you must know,
 (That's the reason why the *residents*,
 Were so preferr'd by former P——ts.)
 What I dread is, that to be able
 To give a party once a year,
 I must sit to a scanty table,
At homé, as is the fashion here :
 And though, Pierre, I love my money,
 I like "*high feeding*" also honey.

If an answer you should write,
 Make your letter very light ;
 For not to be at all offensive,
 I find this city's d——d expensive,
 B——g——t thought *his* postage high,⁶
 And much more, you may think, will I.

PAUL FUDGE.

[6] See correspondence between the Hon. C. B——g——t and A. Arbuthnot,

LETTER IV.

FROM MISS DOLLY FUDGE TO MRS. POLLY FLIRT
FILLEN.

BEING dress'd for the party, just while Sister Kitty,
Whom—I vow it's not envy—no dress will make
pretty,

Is putting her's on—('tis the *fifth* she has tried,
Tho' she says neither fashion nor finery please her,
That clothes are meant nudity merely to hide
And this trouble she takes 'cause Mama and I teaze
her.)

I bridle impatience and sit down to write,
Almost in despair of her dressing to-night.

As to *beauty*, I can't see, dear Aunt, much that she
has—

Nor ought she to have, since she's learn't to despise
“All but mind,” just as if we were made of ideas,

Were born without bodies and had not two eyes.—
And as for her *sense*, it's too deep or too fine,
To be fathom'd or measured,—by *such* sense as mine,
Though her head be a *chamber*, where there is a mix-
ture,

Of all sorts of *furniture*, nothing's a *fixture* ;
Her manners if I may be permitted to judge,
Are such as *philosophy* made out of *Fudge*

Might be thought to afford,—quite an odd composition,
 To which nothing is wanting—but *grace* in addition.
 I had scarcely embraced her before she began
 To tell me “how odious to her was a *man* ;”
 (As if she believ’d I was so “*uncognoscible*”*)
 Or foolish, to credit a thing that’s impossible ;)
 “They are tyrannous dogs, Dol,—all rivals of Nero,
 “And I never will *have* one—unless he’s a *hero* :”—

Indeed, Sister Kitty with all her great lore,
 Ideas——such stuff——is a terrible bore ;
 Night and day she is at you,—I think on my soul,
 So horridly often her “*arguments*,” teaze me,
 In Cleve Symmes’s cave he has found at the pole,
 I gladly would jump, Aunt, though sure it would freeze
 me ;
 Though it’s not me alone that she bores with her
 knowledge,
 With Papa and Mama she is fully as pert,
 And argues with them like a boy just from college
 Disputes with another,—or P—k—y with W——t.
 That superior air,—oft an insolent word,
 “It’s not so,” “better say”—“what you say is absurd,”
 With those reverential inflections of tone
 Which denote “I have *rights*, and will have what’s
 my own.”

* Miss Dolly in catching from her sister some of the jargon of Jeremy Bentham, seems to think that *uncognoscibility* is the incapacity of knowing, instead of the incapacity of being known.

Then she's *up to* all subjects,—no, none is so deep

But headlong she's in it at one single leap,

And frequently up to, and over her chin,

She finds it much worse to get out, than get in.—

As for politicks, marry ! why that is her hobby,

Not one of those *quidnuncs* who live in the lobby

More boldly will talk or pronounce his opinion

In the confident-style of the Ancient Dominion ;—

And she speaks quite as glibly as any Jackdaw

About Grotius and Vattel, and National Law.

T'other day she began me a very long lecture,—

“ Dear Dolly,” she said, “ though I greatly respect you

“ Yet truly, ah ! have I not reason to fear,”—

Then she seiz'd hold my hand, and she shed—half a
tea,—

“ That you've been, (ah, dear Dolly, don't look so de-
jected,

“ You are still a good girl Dolly)—somewhat infected

“ With the air of the city,—and the fashion and folly

“ You have in all towns—(I am candid dear Dolly,

“ The *candid* and *simple* dear, both are the same

“ And the *simple*, you know, it was ever my aim,)

“ For cities destroy that pureness of heart

“ Which a life in the country alone can impart,

“ And put ignorance, impudence, art *in the place*,

“ Of true learning and modesty, nature and grace ;

“ Ah Dol ! I regret your unfortunate fate—

“ Our fortune how diff'rent !—'twas mine to be plac'd

“ With an Aunt who her niece, (though beginning
too late,

“ It may be affirm'd, with *some* virtues has grac'd,

“ Whilst *you*, oh my Dol ! how sincere is my pity !
 “ Were plac’d with another,—who liv’d in a city !—
 “ I see Dol you’re affected—but be not downcast,
 “ Though we cannot, Dear Dolly, undo what is past
 “ Yet still there is *hope*,—I will *something* devise,
 “ To make you more amiable Dol, in my eyes,—
 “ For *your* sake my sister, your faults to amend,
 “ In your chamber each morning, my Doll I’ll attend,
 “ To instruct you in manners and morals and taste,
 “ And in all that my own education embrac’d.
 “ Ah Dolly, dear Dolly, ah, be not in sorrow,
 “ As you’re anxious I see, I’ll begin, love, to-morrow,”—
 Would n’t parallel impudence torture a saint ?
 And that ’s what you know Aunt, your Dolly Fudge
 a’n’t,
 But *as* she ’s my sister, I’ll not a word more,—
 Though from what I have said, you’ll confess she ’s a
 bore.

As for Pa and Mama, why you know them so well,
 That little that ’s new, about them, I could tell,—
 Except that as both in the world now are rising,
 The figures they cut *here* are truly surprising.

DOLLY FUDGE.

P. S. Indeed my dear Aunt, I can scarcely express
 How I’m charm’d with the trimming, you sent for my
 dress.

LETTER V.

FROM PAUL FUDGE, ESQ. TO MR. PETER FUDGE.

ON Wednesday last I was invited
By the P----- to dine,
And though truly much delighted,
I was half tempted to decline ;
For I had heard the B—k C—m—tee
When lately in a certain City,
With the Directors of the B—k
When ask'd to dine, refus'd *point blanc*,
Lest perhaps their lib'ral wine,
Too strongly might their lips incline
To tell the C—ss they were sound,
Whilst just the contrary they found ;
But though they fear'd their wine 't is said,
I'm told their *cash*, they did not dread.¹

But what I there beheld my brain
Conceives no language to explain,
Such sights you never did behold,
Such splendid gewgaws out of place,

(1) Upon the principle, we presume, that the London shop-keepers do not *thread* the rogues in Botany Bay. Perhaps the idea of Mr. F. will be elucidated by the following epigram :

Said the Cashier to C——s, I really am vext to see
Our specie so much like a *babe* in an *ecstasy*,
Said C——s, although for *comundrums* not noted
That's because 't is a *wee little* thing that's *transported*.

Compos'd of silver brass and gold ;
 And Ethiopians, trick'd in lace.
 Sure never did our mother dream,
 When feeding pigs or picking peas
 Beside Piankitank's sweet stream,
 Her Paul would see such things as these ;
 Still less 't would ever be his fate,
 To dine and drink with folks so great ;
 But thanks to one most lucky hit,
 More than to our father's wit,
 The present happy race of Fudges,
 Whose plebeian ancestors were drudges,
 Bids fair to rise into renown ;
 'Tis right, that each *in turn*, should sway,
 And F. get up as E. gets down,
 For every dog should have his day.

But much I fear the nation's purse
 For what I saw will be the worse,—
 I saw at least a dozen *niggers*,
 Who'd make in new ground royal diggers,
 Or *elegantly*³ sling an ax,
 Set up with lace upon their backs ;
 And those so fit for *toting* rails,
 Were patch'd with red, down to their tails
 Nor do I know like what they look,—
 Unless it be like Barlow's book,

(2) This is not an uncommon use of the word in Virginia, where we frequently hear of an "elegant julep," an "elegant cock-fight, servant, hog, mule, or jack-ass."

Which bound in red morocco skin,
 Is *red* outside, but not *read* in.
 There Dutch and Irish, Parlezvous,
 You also see, arrang'd in *queues* ;
 " *White Negroes*" here, of ev'ry race,
 Who speak their gibb'rish in your face,
 And, worst of all, are dress'd in lace.
 And then the sophas and the chairs,
 So fine, to seat himself one fears ;
 Then like a pond of smoothest ice,
 The piers, they'd do for one to skait on ;
 And some believe would e'en suffice,
 By putting the *right sort* of *bait* on,
 To catch much fish in, for I ween
 There many a *curious fish* is seen ;—
 Besides these horse-pond-looking piers
 Are curtains, statues chandeliers,—
 " A *lantern* with a red cravat,"
 Did you e'er see a thing like that ?
 With pictures, candelabras, vases,
 Stuck about in fifty places,
 And *andirons*, at least so call'd,
 But which if ever you behold ;
 You'll think with me no more like iron,
 Than D—ght's like Pope, or P—ld—g Byron,
 To add to this prodigious shew
 There Peter, there besides was * * *
 Whom you and I, and all well know.

The mode that's introduc'd of late
 Of *begging dinners* of the Great,
 Virginia notions will not suit ;
 With me though 't is a point yet moot,
 If plan that answers your intention
 So well, is not a good invention ;
 Cards are a labour saving machine :
 Without your seeing or being seen
 You visit ; and if sent, your walking
 Is sav'd as well as idle talking.

Nor is there, *in this*, aught for shame,
 Many m——rs do the same,—
 They've too much sense, it plainly shews
 To bite the face and spite the nose,
 A dinner too, though meanly got,
 Should not be grinn'd at if it's hot,
 And *if they* do, I know who'll not.

The table also little pleas'd me,
 The names of dishes they so teaz'd me,
 To call them was so hard a task,
 I'd like t' have starv'd, upon my soul,
 Not knowing how the De'il to ask
 For what I wish'd,—as in the whole,
 I did not see a dish I knew,—
 Though those I know are not a few :—
 There were *fricasses*, *ragouts*,
Serv'd up in all shapes and hues,

Of sav'ry scent and handsome sight,
 Though somewhat in their substance, light,
 Their *bull-ear*^s too of which they boast—

Though if a bull I ever eat,
 Which I ne'er did, or boil'd or roast,

I'd certainly prefer the *feet*.

There were too what they call their *pattys*,
 Though what, I cannot tell you, that is,
 And 'twas a good remark of Dolly's,
 They might as well have call'd them *Polly's*.

But Peter you'd have laugh'd with me,
 If you'd been only there to see
 Some folks disputing about wine,

Ragout, bovillear, and bouillon,
 As if they had been us'd to dine

Such genteel things as these upon ;
 Though you and I remember well,

That when last time we came across 'em,
 They quarell'd, and to fighting felt,

'Bout which was best, *bear-meat* or *possum* ;—

Now it's all your *hock* and *tinto*,
 As if such things, they us'd had been to,
 Though which is best, they'd rather try,
 Whiskey made of *corn* or *rye*.

(3) This is the Washington pronunciation of *bouilli*. An honest member from the West, on being asked if he would be helped to some *bull ear*, very simply replied, he had never tasted a bull in his life.

Dear Peter I would tell thee more,
 But if one half thou'st seen that I
 Have seen here,—things which ne'er before
 Thy noddle enter'd; and could spy
 The splendid palaces and domes,
 That rival e'en imperial Rome's,
 Could view th' environs of the palace,
 Which *most* betray the builder's malice
 You'd there peruse a State's disasters
 In marble pillars and pilasters,
 And think our independence flown
 In mortar, bricks, and "speckled stone"
 Could peep into the drawing room,
 You there might read a nation's doom,
 As clearly *as* in the environs,—
 In carpets, curtains, and and-irons;
 Could throw your opticks on the table,
 Your discerning eye'd be able
 To find out how our money flies
 In puddings, pasties, and mince pies;
 And prophecy Internal duties
 In all these unsubstantial beauties,—
 State *Rights* in dishes prostrate lain,
 Fly to the ceiling in Champagne;
 Or in their grave, those rights laid low,
 Beneath a thing they call *pluteau*;
 Our well-earn'd glory you'd see pass
 In knives of *silver*, and cut glass;

(4) See the speech of Mr. Ogle of New York.

Or stuck to death with four-prong'd forks,
 And *drawn* and *quarter'd* with long corks ;
 There *would* you view that plan infernal,
Improvement, call'd by some Internal ;
 Canals in wine, or roads in plate
 Unerringly prognosticate,—
 And O ! that measure that's perdition,
 Abominable recognition
 Of Spanish Patriots, you might taste
 In *salmi*, syllabub, and paste ;
 Might hear it in the glasses jingle,
 Or down your throat might feel it tingle :
 Puyerreron the Patriot thief
 See skip in cheese, or *smoke* in beef,—
 In triumph o'er the nation rise
 Chili, Peru and Buenos Ayres.—
 In vain did R——, B——, and G——,
 Seek the fellows to betray 'em,
 In vain did B—— indite a book,
 When no one into it will look,
 In vain he seeks to circumvent 'em,⁵
 By shaving of 'em, *cent per centum*.

(5) We have never learnt whether this gentleman was successful in the object of his visit to Chili, which report says, was to receive payment for a sum of money which, smitten with a zeal for liberty, he had generously lent one of the Patriots, at the moderate interest of *cent per cent*. We will venture however to say, that if he imposed the condition on him which Druso imposed on his debtors for non-payment, that the poor Patriot was as "punctual as a lover to the moment sworn. This Druso resembled the Usurer mentioned

You plainly see in ev'ry way,
Success of Pazos and of — — —

To tell you now about the levee,
Indeed I can't, my heart's too heavy,
Besides the coach is at the door,
And now I hav'n't time for more,
I'm going up to C——ss Hall
With Bob and our *gals* and Moll,
To hear the great debate on ———
Whom they mean to lay some whacks on,
As some one in the paper said,
In some lines I lately read,
“Because he Pensacola took,
“ Without consulting Bynkershoek,
“ And drubb'd the Seminoles well,
“ Against *III. B. IX. Chap. Vattel* ;

by Philostratus, who upon lending money, always inserted this clause in his bonds, *τό Καίμεδετῶτος ἀηροάδεσσοι*, that the debtor was to hear him declaim ; and if any one failed, he invariably prosecuted him. In like manner, Druso compelled all his debtors, who were unable to pay on the appointed day, to listen to him read over some historical works he had composed, and if he lent an attentive ear, he was allowed further grace. Horace represents these wretched martyrs of literary vanity, in order to save their cash, stretching out their necks, and affecting a listening attitude.

Ut Drusonem debitor æris,

Qui, nisi cùm tristes misero venere calendæ amares

Mercedem, aut nummos, unde, unde extricat

Porrecto jugulo, historias, captivus ut, accedit.

Lib. 1. Sat. 8. l. 86.

“ Hanging up the most ferocious,
“ Without the full consent of Grotius ;”⁶
But when I come from C——ss Hall,
Bob or I will tell you all.

P. F.

(6) See New York Advocate from which the lines are taken.

LETTER VI.

FROM MISS KITTY FUDGE TO MISS BRIDGET VIRGINIA FUDGE.

DEAR Aunt, after terrible jolting and thumping,
We at last have arriv'd, but so sore with the bumping,
That I have not, till now, been enabled to write,
To inform you we did n't get here on that night,
As Papa had resolv'd, but it was not the will
Of the horses we should, for they *stall'd*^d at each hill.
We no accident met, though so horribly shaken—
Nor *adventure*, and *but* for one queer little *take in*—
(When we cross'd *Four Mile Creek*, the *Potomac* Pa
thought it,
And declar'd he now found, and he'd always been
taught it,
That Maryland could not compare with Virginia,
Both the soil and bushes looked so very thin here,—)
We had nothing to laugh at along the whole way,
But a book the maid had, call'd the "Scotch Fiddle's
Lay."

Though Aunt, I had mean't when I saw Dol and
Bob,
To swoon, or at least, very gracefully sob,

[1] In Virginia, when a horse refuses to draw, he is said to *stall*, or to be *stall'd*.

When we met I was so glad to see them, "Odd's rot
it,"²

Forgive the expression, I really forgot it.

You'll be sorry to learn, that as I had suspected,
Dol is much with the airs of the city affected,
And though so much was done, the poor girl to ac-
complish,

For dignity, she is too *fat* and too *rompish*.

As for Bob, I can scarcely tell what to make of him,

In his studies he's always so deeply engaged,
That when I speak to him, I have first to shove him ;

At his want of attention, I vow I'm enraged ;

And if ever he talks, I've the mortification,

To find that we differ on points quite material,
He delighted me though, by a fine exclamation,

"All my notions," he said, "they were very *ethe-
rial*."

But it shock'd me to learn, if Miss Edgeworth had
ever,

Even heard of Virginia, she spoke of it never !

And he even declar'd her perpetual teaching,

"More wearisome was, than e'en Allworthy's preach-
ing ;

"Of religion he said that she had not a tittle,

"Or if any 'twas Cath'lic, and *of* that but little ;"³

[2] See Rejected Addresses.

[3] We believe this is a mistake. Miss E. is a protestant *by birth*.

And though *I* don't believe it, he said " he'd be hung,
 " If to *him* she appear'd either pretty or young."
 And that poet of nature, divine Walter Scott,—
 The successor of Burns, that incomp'able sot,
 Whose poetry always he keeps by him bottled—
 " For his ' Battle of Waterloo' ought to be throttled ;
 " He's a miser and tory, whose muse never sings,
 " But when *Threadneedle*^a zephyrs inspire her wings ;^b
 " And his theme is that *sinecure*,—honour of kings.—

" And that Lilliput humming bird,^b little Tom
 Moore,"

Who with singing and fibbing here prov'd such a bore,
 " Can surpass him at rhyming, as far—and give *boot*,
 " As a chinquapin whistle's⁷ surpass'd hy a flute,"
 And that dear fellow Byron, that mammoth of verse
 Who writes not as Scott does, to fill up his purse,
 Who of song I consider the great alligator,
 Of that *Ætna*, Parnassus, the principal crater,

[4] Threadneedle is the street in which the Bank of England is situated.

[5] Non canit assueta cygnus vocalis in unda
 Ni Zephyri spirat mollior, mollior aura sibi.

[6] See Ogilvie's Philosophical Essays..

[7] In the spring of the year, when the sap begins to ascend, two sticks of the chinquapin tree are cut, and rubbed together until the bark slips off With the bark the negroes fashion a kind of flute or whistle, which discourses most *stridulous* music.

In all whose eruptions, the golden stream flashes—
 Except when it's hidden too much, by the ashes ;—
 A man o' war, at the smallest, a hundred and twenty,
 Who single broadside gives us thunder a plenty
 To furnish a fleet of those seventy fours,
 Than which all put together much louder it roars ;
 O ! when like a huge steam boat, against wind and
 tide,

His overcharg'd engine comes hissing along,
 The gulls frighten'd confess,—and it can't be denied,
 He's the *steam boat*, or else the *sea-serpent* of song.

Yet even *this* hero, even *him* Bob traduces,
 Says “ his poems aside, his morality loose is ;
 “ He is somewhat asthmatic” he thinks, “ as a poet,
 “ When he can't get his breath *freely* out he will
 “ *blow it* ;

“ So hard his muse work'd on his brain for the *Giaour*,
 “ That she broke a jack screw of a twenty horse
 “ power ;

“ And though wrought with the *pains* of a Pythian
 “ priestess,

“ His *Corsair's* a rogue,—and his *Manfred* a beast is ;
 “ Yet his *hero* would even be still thought sublime,
 “ If he'd not been repeated a fortieth time :

“ And though true he has much of th' *afflatus furoris*,⁸
 “ His ‘ *toujours perdrix*' Aunt, a very great bore is ;”

[8] Negat enim sine furore, Democritus, quenquam poetam magnum esse posse. Quod idem dicit Plato.

But it gives me more mortification than all,
 That Byron, sad Bobby Lord Byron⁹ will call—
 It must be confess'd that Bob's raillery's coarse,
 And he *borrow*s it doubtless from some *dirty* source :
 Byron's merit " th' initiated only can spy,"¹⁰
 A chos'n few such as Jeffrey, and *you* Aunt, and I—

[9] Without meaning to deny that his lordship is a " pretty considerable poet" as we once heard a yankee gentlemen affirm of him, we cannot help believing that he is indebted for a portion of his popularity, at least with a certain class of his readers, (meaning " the *opposite sex*" as they are called *passim*, in a manuscript novel we have heard something about,) to the classical beauty of his name, endeared by all the agreeable associations connected with the names of Lady Harriot Biron, the chivalric Marshal Biron, and (*malgre* their republican simplicity) with his lordship's own illustrious title, which in the opinion of Pope, not a bad judge, has no small influence on our opinions of poetry,

" What woful stuff this madrigal would be
 " In some starv'd hackney sonneteer or me,
 " But let a Lord once own these happy lines,
 " How the wit brightens, how the sense refines!
 " Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
 " And each exalted stanza teems with thought."

His Lordship also seems aware of the effect of a name on our estimation of the author's poetry.

O ! Amos Cottle,—Phœbus what a name !
 To fill the sounding trump of future fame:

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

[10] See the Review of the fourth canto of Childe Harold:—in the Edin. Review,—But this article is generally ascribed to Walter Scott.

And I'm vexed with the rascals who can't comprehend
him,

But still cut and criticise, trying to mend him.
I hope Jeffrey and Gifford—I'd give a good deal for't,
Through their thick leather heads may make them all
feel for it,

And those great *gallinippers*¹¹ of critic musquitos,
May bite them as hard as becomes such *good eaters*.¹²

As for Southey and Coleridge, Wordsworth and the
rest,

Save Campbell and Moore, who he says are the best,
These poets of England, he swears by the powers,
Are not *very greatly* superior to ours ;—
He thought so before "The Backwoodsman" came
out,

But since he's read that, he's had some little doubt.

[11] See Parkinson's Travels, for the account he gives of one of these gallinippers biting General Washington through his boots.

[12] There is an obscurity in this passage. It may be perhaps an allusion to the affectation so common among literary men, of being savants in the science of cookery, who have attained the *ne plus ultra dela gourmandise*; an affectation, which with many still more ludicrous kinds of affectation, those who saw Mr. J. when he was in this country, must have had occasion to remark in him. A new reading has been suggested by the insertion of *toad* for *good*, which as it embraces both the gentlemen, is perhaps a more plausible supposition than the former. But respecting this, *Grammatici certant, et adhuc sub judice lis est*.

But alas, Aunt, to turn from the bookseller's shelf,
 And from Bob and Backwoodsman *ascend* to myself,
 A sorrow I have that I now must disclose,
 Ah! the tear when I think on't, down my cheek
 flows ;—

Ah, the mischief! though so long the thing I have
 parried,

I fear I shall have, ah!—at last,—to get married ;—

I heard Pa tell Mama it should not be retarded,

For *economy* he all his life has regarded,

And 'twas part of his plan when he came to the City,

Only think!—“*to dispose*” of your dear little Kitty ;—

And what's worse, to her parents the *duty* she owes

Will not quite permit her their will to oppose.

But what more than all reconciles me to fate,

And my virgin alarms does, in part, pacify

I once heard yourself say, “ though it was rather late

“ If you should get a chance, that a husband you'd
 try ;”

And *Dol* says, “ what makes it a thing to be wish'd,

Is that if deferr'd long, one perhaps may be *dish'd*.”

There's one thing too makes me most think with Papa,

That it's better to marry than live as we are,

For the Bible itself, which to doubt is temerity,

Says there's very great danger in too much prosperity,

And I really must say, though they charge me with

sappiness,

Single-blessedness is a state, too full of happiness,

And as I am too happy,—the thought is too killing,

I am—or at least have a *mind*—to be willing.

But where in the universe, where shall I find
 A co-ordinate, kindred, homologous mind ?¹³
 You know Aunt you've said, that it's past controversy
 I'm superior or equal to Caroline Percy ;
 And *I* can't help thinking, if not quite at par,
 Strong points of resemblance there certainly are ;
 Now if that be the case, sure some "very great Count"¹⁴
 Before I get married Aunt, I must find out,—
 To put up with either a Doctor or Lawyer
 Would be almost as bad as to marry ***. ***.
 Though I might be induc'd to extend to them mercy,
 If they'd do like the brothers of Caroline Percy,
 Tell like Alfred, who *must* have learnt *smartly* to read,
 By the year on a sixpence, the date of a deed ;
 When I'm sure, if at all, he was triflingly fee'd :
 Or Erasmus who cur'd a sore eye when he chose,
 By pulling a piece of *green silk* from the nose ;¹⁵
 Though several have offer'd, there none can compare,
 With these ; and I think in Virginia none are ;
 Indeed there's no writer, not even Miss Burney,
 Who describes such a Doctor or such an Attorney.

Oh ! a thought just occurs,—if it must be my doom
 To get married, I'm told here is one Baron Dhroom,

[13] We must not forget the universality of Miss Kitty's science.

[14] " And Morley that very great Count stood deploring."

T. Crib's Memorial.

[15] For a more particular description of these distinguished professional achievements, See Miss Edgeworth's Patronage.

And a Viscount Dhuvack, who resides near the place
 Of the Count Alteuberg ; and if *I* can but trace
 A resemblance in either of talents¹⁶ or face,
 Perhaps, though *the Count* may be somewhat above
 him,

I could Aunt, at least *I* would *try* hard to love him.
 I like not their names, but as at Waterloo
 The Viscount has been, perhaps his will do ;
 And as for the other—that may be amended,
 And if ever he tells me *I* am his “ *intended,*”
 I’ll state the case so that he sha’n’t be offended.

O dear ! with this notion I’m really delighted,
 And *if* I was not so at marr’ing affrighted,
 For the moment impatient I even should linger,
 When he dares first to press just the tip of my finger :
 Adieu, Aunt, Adieu, I’m so much in a flurry
 At the thoughts rushing in, I must close in a hurry.

KITTY FUDGE.

P. S.—By the by, as for politics you have a turn,
 And as that is a science, you said I should learn,
 I’ll give you a touch the next letter I write,
 Provided I get o’er this terrible fright.

K. F.

[16] It has been remarked that the Virginia ladies marry for talents, and the Maryland for fortune. Alas, how often are they both disappointed.

LETTER VII.

FROM MISS DOLLY FUDGE TO MRS. POLLY FLIRT
FILLEN.

OH what an Elysium's a Minister's ball !

Philadelphia itself e'en has nothing to boast like it,
Paradise I imagine, before Adam's fall,

Was the place that of all on the earth was the most
like it ;

For there primitive nature, quite free from alarm,
Her perfections display'd, nor believ'd it was harm ;
Like the folks too in Eden, they all there were fo-
reigners—

As much so as Cockburn or Admiral Warren was ;
The former of whom was a kind of Alkuomok,
If you judge from the capers he cut on Patomoc ;¹
No ! scarce an American there could be found,
For O——s will not say he's one, I'll be bound ;—

[1] The two British Admirals appear to be dragged in here some-
what *neck and shoulders* ; but we assure the reader that on the Pian-
kitank, no persons occupied so large a share of the public attention
for a considerable period. The former gentleman particularly, after
the affair at Hampton, and his atrocious conflagrations of the houses
of defenceless widows, became, as the Coryphaeus of the incendiaries,
the terror of the women and children throughout the lower country
of Virginia, where he left monuments of his tender mercies, that
eminently entitle him to the name Miss Kiity has conferred on him,
if she intends thereby to convey the idea that he is a barbarian.

'Tis true, by manœuv'ring and etiquette juggling,
 Some m—mb—rs had manag'd to get in by *smuggling*,
 With so much address, you'd have thought they were
 us'd to it,—

By the bye, 'tis an art, (as some folks turn their views
 to it,)

Which patronage, riches, and honours begets,

A N—— D——, and two *Epaulettes*.—

Some S—n—rs too there were,—but I say nought,

Like Iago I can, but I don't think I ought,

For they're over the people, Pa said yesterday,

Irresponsible quite, or somehow in that way ;

Besides them there were the whole fam'ly of Fudges,

Some *trowsers* with *clerks*, and a good many Judges,—

The first were from Lon'on or some part of Britain,

And the last Papa said “ if much longer they sit on

The F—d—r—l bench, *Constitution* will change

Into English,”—and then it will surely be strange

If such *Doctors* as these can't, by dint of their *art*,

Also change our *skins*, and new manners impart,—

Give the true John Bull phiz—chubby cheeks and red
 noses,

That fine intonation like frogs in the throat,
 That talent of boasting by which John imposes

On the rest of the world, like the Fox on the Goat.

Ah, how pretty 'twould be if it would'n't *derange* us,

For the judges to turn to, as Pa says, and change us

Country, people and all, as completely to English as

Their worships themselves, so you could'n't distinguish

us—

T' have a king like old George, and a *Son* to take care
 Of his *father* for *only* ten thousand a year ;²
 Or a prince like the Regent,—so gay and *convivial*,
 Somewhat of a rake,—for a prince that is trivial ;
 A minister too, like my lord Castlereagh

Who fleeces the *swine*, if one may so call
 Whom they here call “the people,”—the *sheep* I
 should say.

And gives all to his lady to wear at a ball,³
 Like Southey a laureate,—that *now* loyal poet,
 And a national debt,—if the *people* would go it,
 A navy like John's that can beat all the world—
 Except when the star-spangled banner's unfurl'd ;
 A church that's “the bulwark of our religion”—
 “In the way” Bobby says, “that a hawk's of a pigeon,
 A clergy so loyal, but *one* thing they place
 'Bove the *king*, and e'en *that* he's below but an *ace* ;
 So pious, they wish, in their *hearts*, to be *tray*
 The *deuce* ev'ry time the *deuce* comes in the way ;
 Who shew their devotion by daily prostrations
After grace, which they beg from *abcve*, in *libations*,
 And wish those who the miracles doubt with “the
 curst one,”
 If like them, they're not *fixed*, by the *strength* of the
first one ;⁴

[2] The Duke of York receives 10,000*l.* a year for visiting the King perhaps once a month.

[3] Lady C. wore a dress, at a ball at Aixlachapelle, supposed to be worth four millions of francs.

[4] The first miracle, according to St. John, was the conversion of *water* into *wine*.

A people who though they've been slaves from their
birth,

Never care for their freedom, if you will permit
them

To swear *they* are the freest of all on the earth,

And whose fate to be dup'd I hope never will quit
them.

Primogeniture also which makes an old negro

As a gentleman cut a respectable figure ;⁵

Besides pugilists, paupers and priests oleaginous⁶

With coronets, counts, and the train "*mucilaginous*"⁷

Of tythes, titles and taxes, and ev'ry such blessing

As "*domestic societies*" always are pressing⁸

[5] "What," said a distinguished citizen of Virginia, (the Hon: J— R—,) "is become of all the gentlemen of our state since the abolition of primogeniture?—Where are your Pages, your Carrington's, your Randolphs &c.?—None can be found Sir. If you meet with a gentleman now he is some old grey headed negro who has been brought up in one of those ancient families. If a writ was issued to me to find a gentleman, I should be obliged to return him, *non est inventus*, in any bailiwick.

[6] "A little fat oily man of God"

[7] Used by a distinguished naval officer in his evidence before the grand jury, on Burr's trial, for miscellaneous. This gentleman, when he was in service, was said to be fonder of the *lexpugnandi* than of lexicography. We are therefore, like the Adonis, a little *peery* about the snout, and like his "backers" when he went "*floush*" "*stand shy*," and hold our tongues.

[8] See the very modest address of the Philadelphia Society for the promotion of Domestic Industry, in which they pronounce their *dicta, ansati in Cathedra*, with such a pompous air of infallibility;

And a *quarterly* review for pay to be hired
To-l** by the *quarter*, or *year* if desired.

Oh, the judges, if Pa says what's true, I am sure,
Can do for us all I have said, and much more ;
Then John Bulls we shall all be, yes, quite to our
taste,—

I wish Aunt, their worships,—don't you?—would
make haste.

To return ; of the *true sort* the room was so cram'd,
With those dearest exotics, and all talking French,
Ev'ry step that you took, like a wedge you were jam'd
So tight in between them, you scarcely could
wrench

Hips and shoulders from their's,—for we only there
touch,

For *since* the men screw themselves so in the waist,
Between our height, the odds not being much,

(For *exotics* are low,) we're like wine glasses plac'd
On a waiter together, and it is no wonder

Between bottom and top, we are all kept asunder.

There Aunt, oh, there was the old A—C—a—

Not like the V—t, who 's a colonel and warrior ;—

and endeavour to prove all the political economists, from Adam Smith down to Ricardo, mere dolts in comparison with themselves. If they should be able to impart their extreme solicitude to hold up England as an example, to the Congress, we think they will be entitled to share *equally* with the F—d—r—l judges in the honour of *Anglicising* our government,—if not our *language*.

But of science and art, and all countries the visitor,
 He pries into nature's mysterious books,
 And for *all* the world *he* like an old grand inquisitor
 In his black velvet frock-coat and red waistcoat
 looks,

There too I beheld one of his greatest cronies,
 Like a Castilian *night*,—'twas the C—v—l—r O—s,
 If you saw him you'd fancy—a wager I'd venture ye,
 His clothes made for the tenth, and himself the ninth
 century.

There was B—g,—for so Aunt, his sweet lady calls him,
 There's nothing but *paying* of *postage* appals him ;—
 When he raises himself upon one of his toes,
 And so graceful applies No. 9, to his nose,
 Oh, I almost could envy his spouse when he said
 My dear M—y P—e, ah will you “ B—t” wed :—
 But oh, H—e de N———lle, dear me, how genteel !
 For his lady and him, what affection I feel !
La politesse francaise, Virginia sincerity,
 English I mean, without English austerity ;
 They call him an *ultra*, (d' ye know what it means ?)
 Say he wish'd to blow Nap with infernal machines,⁷
 If he is *ultra* at all.—it is *ultra* polite,
 And that is the *ultra*, in which I delight.

[7] In justice to this gentleman, who has been much misrepresented by certain Editors, we take this opportunity to state what we have been credibly informed, that he has *acquittals* from Naps own government, of this unfounded charge.

'There too I saw, on the floor of the room,
That nice little P—n, the B—n de Dhroom,
I confess that I do not much fancy the fellow,
As I guess he don't me, as my skin * * * *

There *were* besides these, all those dear little creatures,
Secretaries, whose business it is to write tickets,
Very easily known by their sweet foreign features,
Who jump'd round as merry as so many crickets,—

O, think not that even the powers supernal
Could make me forget, in this throng, the dear Colonel,
The V—t I mean, who was at *Waterloo*
Just *after* old Boney cried out *saue qui peut* ;
Ah, no ! my fond eye ever eager to trace
The fine *Rubens* cast of his sweet martial face,
Could'n't fail to discern it, so much it was bigger
Than all of the rest—yet it suited his figure ;
But in vain did I try to get from him a glance,
'Though I saw him take out many ladies to dance,
Till at last a domestic approach'd with a waiter,
Between me and the V—t to hand it he stood,
Who talk'd *with* Miss B—, you know how I hate her,
Though I would'n't say why Aunt, if even I could;—
The Count reach'd out his hand,—towards me, it would
sppm,
Tho' intently his eyes were fix'd on an ice cream,

“Will you be so goot”—ah, the *cream* was his quar-
ry,—

For this second *faux pas* I'm exceedingly sorry,—
But just as he gracefully grasp'd at the treasure,
He saw me and bow'd, and I said “Sir, with plea-
sure,”

I gave him my hand too, and that in such haste,
That the cream I knock'd over before he'd a taste;
I was greatly confus'd, and I know not I'm sure,
How the mischief it was,—but we got on the floor;

“Does mam'selle waltz^s or prefer the cotillion?”
At the very word waltz, Oh, a thousand,—a million
Of thoughts rushing in produc'd such a sensation,
That to nothing I'd felt; had it any relation;
Save when once I had quaff'd to the bottom a glass
Of *Jones's Ox Nitro*,—or what is it gas?

And that little French B—n, Aunt,—you know what
a quiz

Fell into my arms, just as I fell—in his;
Or when once at Long Branch where, in very fine
weather

The men and the women go bathing together,
Count N. and myself had embark'd in the flood,
As an *antiphlogistic* to very warm blood,
At the moment the Count was admiring a mole,
On my *neck* I believe 't was, why souse in a hole

[8] It is a peculiarity that the word designating this dance is used as a *verb*. We never say to jig, to reel, to cotillion as we say to *waltz*. We imagine this is because the *essence* of the operation consists in *manual* and not in pedestrian demonstration, as is the case with other dances.

Am impetuons surge swept us both at a dash,
 Nor was there a soul there sufficiently rash
 To venture in for us, so, (you know how tall he was,)
 Like a babe in his arms, only think your dear Dolly

was

Forc'd reluctant to lie, whilst her chin above water,
 Next to his too, so beardy, he held full a quarter
 Or more, of an hour, till the tide left the ground,
 And in that attitude, on the beach, we were found,
 Like two persons who had been, or like to have been
 drown'd—

Imagine dear Aunt, if instead of Count N.,
 It were D—sh—off or K—sl—ff, those terrible men,
 No Simeon, no Levi,—no law for the Schechen—
 To make him behave,—at least none that could reach
 him.

But where am I now ?—I'd no sooner decided
 For the waltz, than the V——t respectfully slid
 His arm round my waist, and away we both glided ;
 But alas ! Ah ! how wicked, how cruel it was !
 I will never forget or forgive it—that's *pos*,
 As just in the tempest we'd got of the flight,
 And our blood with the motion began to ignite,
 My knees 'gan to fail, and to keep me from sinking,
 The V——t pressed me closer, at least I was thinking

[9] See the opinion of the Court, in the case of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania *versus* Nicholas Kosloff, charged with the crime of *Raptus mulieris*, in which they decide they have no jurisdiction, he being a foreign Consul.

That that was his motive,—my little heart flutter'd,
 Some tender expression I thought that he mutter'd,
 My thoughts became scatter'd,—my eyes 'gan to close,
 And what *I* would have done,—only Heav'n, Aunt,
 knows,

But just at this critical moment Pa spied me,—
 Ah! me, what a look, if a lion had ey'd me
 He would not so have scar'd me; but when Papa
 darted,

You know how decided,—and furiously seiz'd us
 By the shoulders and screech'd out you both shall be
 parted,

As *warm* as we were Aunt, I believe that it freez'd
 us,

For though he is so strong, and his best too he tried,
 We were hard as a great block of ice to divide;
 The V——t turn'd his back, and said “Miss 'tis de
 fader

Or else, I assure you, I'd look at him harder;”
 Whilst I with chagrin to my chair slank away,
 Apprehending there would be the mischief to play
 When Mama who was in the next room should be
 told,

And Kitty and Bob; for those notions so old
 Ev'ry one of them have them—how silly and queer it
 is!

It all is sheer nonsense, at least very near it is
Pure Kitty she even pretended to cry,
 But that was all Fudge Aunt, as you think and I.

Sure enough Mama said to me, “ Dolly my dear,
 “ That your fine *edication* has spoilt you ’tis clear ;
 “ I did never expect to see one of my name,
 “ Let a gentleman squeeze her with so little shame,
 “ For the future, unless you can learn to behave,
 “ I had much rather see you laid low in your grave ;
 “ I’ve a great mind you sha’nt go *shàze Mounsièur*
 N——

“ (I’m awkward at French,) and you sha’n’t lest you
 will

“ Agree that you never will give me such pain
 “ As to waltz with that big looking D—h—n again ;
 “ Those *outlandish* folks I ne’er lik’d in my life,
 “ And I ne’er will consent that *my gal* for a wife
 “ One of them should take, you shall have a Virginian,
 “ And one who has never been out of the state,¹
 “ If you marry at all, for I have the opinion
 “ Nothing out of it can be as good and as great
 “ As all that is in it, and that’s Mr. Fudge’s,
 “ And a great many others’ who’re competent judges ;
 “ Now if you do not mind me, you sha’n’t stir a peg,
 “ Thou see’st yon bedstead,—know it hath a *leg*,—²

[1] This is a great recommendation according to a member of the Virginia legislature, who observed in nominating some person to office, “not only Sir is my friend a true Virginian, but what is more, he has never been out of his state in his life.”

[2] Tying to the leg of the bedstead, in the chamber, is a punishment, which in the good old times of discipline, in Virginia, was inflicted on naughty girls, who by means of a piece of tape, were allowed a more or less limited range of the room, according to the degree of the offence. Considering Mrs. Fudge is not a *blue stock-*

But alas, my dear Aunt, you too well have instill'd,
 Your notions in me ;—taught by you I've expected
 Each bright ray of sunshine that ever will gild

The days of your niece, to be sweetly reflected
 From a foreigner's eyes, and may fate yet fulfill
 What I am resolv'd on, in spite of its will :
 The V——t has not yet abandon'd me quite,
 And things may be done which will still set us right,—
 Though since the sad night Pa so jostled his shoulder,
 His manners are growing, ah, colder and colder,—
 But before his affections entirely dwindle,
 The flame that is dying a waltz may rekindle,
 Papa and Mama may perhaps be away,
 And I hope when they are that sometime they will
 stay ;

If excited again, I have not the least doubt of him,
 The notion will not be again shaken out of him ;
 In the mean while of all in the world besides reckless,
 If reluctantly forc'd to return home Dhuvackless,
 And a Marquis or Viscount compell'd am to take less,
 My tongue from my teeth, may it instantly sever!—
 The greatest of curses, if I consent ever
 To espouse a Virginian, that is till its plain,
 Not a chance in the world there besides does remain.

DOLLY FUDGE.

ing lady, she has evinced, in this line, a talent for the sublime, which is scarcely surpass'd by that *super*-sublime genius Byron, in the following lines in the *Bride of Abydos*, where he makes Giaffar say,

“ If thus Zuleica oft takes wing
 Thou seest yon bow,—it hath a *string*.”

LETTER VIII.

FROM PAUL FUDGE, ESQ. TO MR., PETER FUDGE.

DEAR Peter, through the great debate
When last I wrote, I undertook
In my next *letter*, to relate,
Not knowing it would take a *book* ;
And though you know I always try
With ev'ry promise to comply,
Excuse me now, if I'm not able—
Like the Nymph that's in the Fable,
Who either talk'd, or sung so long
She chang'd herself into a *Song*,¹
And went about, against her choice,
But still was nothing, but—a voice ;
Excuse me if like her, I say,
I cannot *talk myself away*,—
Or rather cannot *write*, for then
I might be chang'd into A PEN ;
Which in the various hands it fell in
Destin'd ne'er to know repose,
Might go on writing ill or well in,
And rarest qualities disclose.

[1] CANENS.—vide Ovid's *Met.* 14, fab. 9.

If for example it should tumble
 Into the scribbling hand of G** s,
 Of figures, phantoms what a jumble !
 What mixtures of all sorts of styles !
 What comments that exceed the text,
 By whose great length he's so much vext !²
 Its essays,—words without an end,
 Would readers to their slumbers send ;
 But has he *one* ? Yes ! *one* “ Virginian,”
 A rival too for *Nod*'s dominion.

With M*d***n 't would give new views
 'Bout *ploughing cows* and *Carraboos* ;
 And should it fall to J**n C****s S**mes,
 We all should be amus'd with whims.—
 Should M***** *omnisarium doctus*,
 Who's oft in science' cradle rock'd us,
 With his omif'rous fingers snatch it,
 No rival pen would ever match it ;
 For never would its work be done,
 Whilst aught is left to write upon
 In air above, or earth beneath ;—
 From fishes' fins to mammoth's teeth,
 From politics, to plants 'twould leap,
 From lunar stones, without apology,
 To syntax, steam and Fezzan sheep,
 And try on *boats* its rare *neology*.³

[2] See a Speech of Mr. Hay on Usury, in which the critic complains of the length of the *speech*, though but half as long as the *commentary*.

[3] *Phlogobombi* : new name for *steam-batteries*.

Should Du*ne get it, 'twould bespatter
 All honest folks, —but that's no matter ;
 But should it once be grasp'd by B*nn's
 'Twould know the odds 'twixt *outs* and *ins*.
 Should it fall in N*l*s's digits,
 With spinning jennies and the banks,
 It both would *have* and *give* the fidgets,
 And cut with grammar curious pranks.
 With C*le**n it would leave off capering,
 As somewhat off the Feds are tapering,
 But could not help but praise the thing
 He always lov'd the most,—a KING.
 Should their Fed'ral W*r**ps get it,
 And with *British* ink should wet it,
Necessary, 'twould be seen,
 Does nothing but *convenient* mean—
 May they find it as they say,
 When call'd upon their debts to pay,
 Their physic, when they're told to drink it,
 Quite *convenient* may they think it,
 And deem it in the hour of death
 Convenient quite to slip their breath.

But oh ! if once the Claims' C*mm**te
 Seize this pen, then may you pity
 Th' unhappy wight, whose only trust is
 Repos'd upon his country's justice ;
 For there, in vain, his trust is laid—
 At least, if money's to be paid :
 Pity the wretch who houseless claims
 Indemnity for hostile flames !

This philologic pen would say
 "Your house, (the *law* is plain as day,)
 "Must be consum'd *while occupied*,
 "Or you can't be indemnified ;
 " *While, while* it is—observe the word :
 "And what from this must be inferred ?
 "Why troops must be there *while* 'tis burning,
 "And *in it* too, or else our learning
 "Hath made us mad,—therefore the cost
 "Is yours, and what you've *lost*, you've *lost*.
 "This house must by the *law* be bound,
 "And *precedents* for all be found."
 O Justice ! exercise your pity,
 And keep it from this Claims' C*mm**tee—
 Keep it from Rhadimanthean R****
 Give it to il*****n and C**y
 And J*****n who're always for pay.

Thus might THIS PEN go on forever,
 A faithful midwife of the brain,
 And bring forth fantasies which never
 Were, nor will be seen again.
 But if you will insist upon it,
 Though I should be glad to shun it,
 I'll give you just what one may call
 A kind of draft, or *protocol*

[4] The Hon. J. R. very appropriately styled the committee
 over which this gentleman presides, the Rhadamanthian committee.
 It was probably with the same idea, that some one wrote over the
 door of the committee room, "here Hope never enters."

Of the debate, and I am sure
 That's as much as you'll endure.⁵
 First ***** rose, I mean *. *.
 And spoke and spoke, and oft cried hem
 The fact is, ***** is too modest,
 Or else, perhaps, his *caput clod est*.
 Then at the *inverse ratio*—all but—
 Of a velocipede, or T**b*t,
 Spoke H****s ; “ I have some common sense
 Said he. forgetting *mood* and *tense* ;
 He *should have had*, however small,
 On such a theme to speak at all.—
 He read a speech some lady spoke,
 Whom savage friends had tomahawk'd ;
 'Twas well a *lady's* tongue t' invoke,
 For no dead *man's* could so have talk'd ;
 “ A *pause*” he said “ I surely *hear*,”
 Though what he meant, there's no one knows,
 The gallery above was clear,
 The house and chairman in a doze ;
 Unless perhaps his mode of boring,
 Awoke the members who were snoring ;
 'Twas not himself, for then he'd heard
 A pause between each drawling word ;
 “ The *pause* is broke—from heav'n above”
 “ I hear *Amen* in tones of *love*.”
 If angels listen'd it was well,
 For who did else no one can tell :

[5] A sketch of the debate in the Nat. Int. will prove how little Mr. Fudge can be relied on as a Reporter.

But then it much excites my wonder,
 Th' *Amen* was not in "*tones*" of thunder ;
 For speeches that e'er Yankees tire,
 Might well provoke Celestial Ire.

Then C*** arose and something better
 Made out with his Indian letter,
 And prov'd that genius can inspire
 The art of speaking not to tire.
 Ye Gods ! if e'er in casting cannon,
 How the liquid fire ran on,
 You've seen, when pour'd into the ground,
 A likeness then to C*** you've found :—
 A cannon though already cast,

Some think he did still more resemble,
 Which gives a more tremendous blast,
 And makes the *air* around it tremble.

" Sir," said he, " you will not deem
 " I'd puzzle the Administration,
 " For though, from what i say, I'd seem,
 " I would'n't :—no Sir, for the nation
 " So much, so fervently I feel Sir,
 " That for *that* alone I *deal* Sir ;
 " No ! though our steeds won't pull together,
 " I know too well my horses tether ;—
 " Though when I say to mine, Go ! Go !
 " J***y to his cries out Wo ! Wo !
 " Yet notwithstanding this, I'll shew him,
 " His stumbling jade shall never throw him ;
 " I'll go before and *pick up* all
 " Which possibly can make her fall ;

“ We’ve differ’d, and we may again,
 “ But it gives exceeding pain,
 “ And (what I tell you Sir, is fact),
 “ It is by *accident*,—not *pact* ;
 “ I’ll flatter no man,—not to boast of it,—
 “ If *this be treason*,—*make the most of it.*⁶

“ This question Sir, itself divides”
 (As others do) “ into two sides—
 “ As far as we’ve to do with Spain,
 “ She has no just right to complain :
 “ We, Sir, propose to censure none,—
 “ In manner that’s at all *potential*,
 “ No name is mentioned, no not one,
 “ And censure is but *consequential*.

[6] This line which furnishes an example of the *sublime* in oratory unequalled by any thing in Martinus Scriblerus, is taken literally from a celebrated speech of Patrick Henry, which his biographer thus notices. “It was in the midst of this magnificent debate, whilst he was descanting on the tyranny of the obnoxious Act, that he exclaimed in a voice of *thunder*, and with the look of a *God*, “Cæsar had his Brutus,—Charles the First his Cromwell,—and George the Third”—(“Treason!” cried the Speaker,—“Treason! treason!” echoed from every part of the House.—It was one of those trying moments which are decisive of character. Henry faltered not an instant; but rising to a loftier attitude, and fixing on the Speaker an eye of the most determined fire, he finished his sentence with the firmest emphasis,) “*may profit by the example. If this be treason,—make the most of it!*”

In justice to the memory of the orator, we must state our impressions (derived from good authority) that these were not the words of Patrick Henry. He is said to have concluded thus:—“If See the *treason*—may I die a *traitor!*”

“ But how have we, with av’rice heated,
 “ Our Indian breth’ren ever treated,
 “ E’en their religion we’ve invaded,
 “ And impious! in their souls have traded;
 “ Ah! even conqu’ring Rome did spare
 “ All *Gods*, and left them where they were;
 “ Oh! let us Sir, whene’er we
 “ Though we thereby our *hon*
 “ Win their lands by our *odd*
 “ Turn out Seminoles and Sti
 “ Creeks, Kickapoos, all in a lump,
 “ Let all be told by Hist’ry’s *trump*,
 “ But oh! my friends—(Oh! do not scoff it,)
 “ Spare, O! spare, O! spare their Prophet!
 “ O! let us never hang a savage,
 “ May they our country rather ravage!
 “ What hang an Indian! fie, O fie!
 “ The nation ’t will bring shame upon,
 “ They are not Sir, like you or I,
 “ *Hanging* is for them but fun;
 “ This reason sure the Bard assigns
 “ When forming of those tasteful lines—
 “ Begin Tormentors! threats are vain
 “ Alknomok’s son will ne’er complain.

“ Sir I will not say the word or
 “ I’d call the E*ecutions m*****
 “ Of Arbuthnot and Ambrister too;
 “ To which there is no parallel,
 “ Except the case of D’Enghien, who
 “ Was murder’d, as the English tell,

“ By Nap, that murd’rous Imp of h*ll !—
 “ As for the capture of the forts,
 “ Neither Christian book nor Pagan
 “ Example, similar reports,
 “ Unless the attack on Copenhagen ;—
 “ All these acts, Sir, only tally,
 “ With Nelson, Nap, and Hyder Ally.”

This dear Peter, is the best of it ;—
 G*les will give you all the rest of it ;—
 Though one word more—and *verbum sap*,
 Although his brazen lungs so bellow
 Against the P******, this chap
 Is quite a promising young fellow.—

Next rose J***** from K*****y,—
 His rising *next* was not so lucky,
 But though his style was somewhat rough,
 He made out with it well enough.

Then got up Mr. S***** of W*****,
 Or S***** of W*****, or Schmidt O Widt,
 Who, by a speech of sense and pith,
 Amaz’d the *boxes* and the pit,
 Sir, said he, I spell my name
 With S * * * * e too sir,
 Let all the house pronounce the same
 Short, and so I hope will you sir.⁷

(7) The only mistake Mr. Fudge appears to have made in his report of this speech, is that of putting the end at the beginning: See the speech printed in the pamphlet form.

He told them then, that in the President,
 All powers were—or should be resident,
 Notwithstanding all the capers
 “Some youth made writing for the papers ;”
 He gave us too, cart-loads of cases
 From books that one wish’d—in their places.

Next there came to S*****’s dry bones
 From ***** , one Captain ***** ,
 But I can’t bother so my head
 As to tell what each one said.
 Then J*****^s rose, with fire and feeling,
 Lik a game cock—never wheeling,
 Gaff’d by one who’s *up to heeling* ;—
 Mr. H***** explain’d,
 Yet where it was, the knot remain’d.—
 Then T*****e spoke and took the side
 Oppos’d to that he would have tried,
 He spoke for H*ck*ry—he knows why,
 And Cl*nt*n too, and so do I :—
 He said “he hung no Indian seer,”
 “But a vile British Brigadier ;”
 “And if John Bull at this was nettled,”
 “By Jones and Hull th’ affair’d be settled ;”
 Then much he stamp’d about the floor,
 But foot—nor head, could bring forth more.

(8) Such is the order in which Mr. Fudge arranges the speakers. We have been told it is not strictly correct, but having no fites of the papers of that period, we are unable to correct the error.

S*****, had no time to speak,
 Preparing busily to wreak,
 His vengeance on the only bank
 Which interfer'd with C**ut*n's rank—
 Then of s***s, that great disburser,
 M***** rose and like a purser
 Who sells his *old things* off for *new*,
 Tried this mode of dealing too,—
 By arguments which they before
 Had heard an hundred times or more ;
 And telling how the heart and head agree,
 But rare for him ! forgot his pedigree !!
 'Twas well for H**k*ry that his hopes
 Were *built* on something else than tropes,
 For *****'s were so queerly *jointed*,
 They might those hopes have disappointed ;—
 Like a Kalidescope his figures
 With many curious shapes did *rig us*,
 In full dress some—some not a rag on 'em,
 Flat or puffed—in every form
 But *pointed* ——, nay you'd thought a hag on 'em
 Was riding through a *tropic* storm—
 Then stamm'ring rose laborious *****
 Like Sissiphus,—a perfect Roll-stone,—
 Next I think, was P***** *****
 Whose head much logic seems to harbour,
 One *hair breadth* more would in his sight,
 The capture of St. Marks make right.

Then Bunkum spoke and Mother R***^o
 The pest of soldiers—and of C**y,
 Whom ev'ry body wish'd away.
 H*pk*ns*n, I think rose next,
 Who always minds his text,
 Prov'd J*****n right, as clear as day,
 His speech said *yes*—his vote said *nay*.—
 Then we heard a voice appealing
 To those below, from near the ceiling,
 And taking very curious grounds,
 They told me it was Mr. *****.
 Then ————— and *****'s
 Bubbled like two steam boat boilers,
 Whilst ***** whom you never see hot
 Spoke simm'ring like a little tea pot,
 Though I believe that he spoke next to
 That *stick or go through*, G****e *****.

Besides all these, a dozen more
 Prodigiously the house did bore ;
Redheffer, Oh ! do thou inspire me,
 My weary pen begins to flag ;
 This *abridgement* does so tire me,
 That e'en a *feather's* hard to drag.
 O ! matrons of Columbian youth !
 Matrons Legislators breeding !
 May they be tongue-tied, all, in truth,
 Or ignorant of special pleading !

[9] Mater Rhea--the inventress of the Timbre].

And rather Tailors, Smiths and Sawyers
Be, than everlasting lawyers.
Oh Hercules!—it will not do—
I sink,—enough for me,—adieu!—
More than enough, I fear for you.

PETER FUDGE.

LETTER IX.

FROM MISS KITTY FUDGE TO MISS BRIDGET VIRGINIA FUDGE.

IN my last you know just to comply with your wish,
I promised you, Aunt, a *political* dish ;
And tho' Ma won't agree to it, some how or other,
And Pa says it's nonsense, and so says my Brother,
Yet as *you* and *I*, Aunt, have always contended,
'That *we* might talk politics just as the men did,
So to shew what I know, I will give you a touch,
And if not to the purpose,—there shall not be much.—

Last Monday it was, having nought else to do,
But look out for something amusing and new,
We saunter'd to Congress, where not long we sate
Before there arose, quite a *pretty debate*,
On a Bill which propos'd "to abolish the tears"
Of the widows whose husbands in battle had died,
By extending their pensions another five years,
And thus they proceeded,—each taking his side.—¹

(1) Mr. S. characterized the Bill as one of magnitude in principle, and worthy of serious consideration ; also as drawing largely on the National purse. ——— — the same reasons assigned now for the passage of the Bill, would be equally valid five years hence.—The History of England afforded a commentary on such

Mr. S. said "the Bill was, in principle, vast,
 "And deserv'd much reflection;—he expected at last,
 "We should thus go on adding each time it expired,
 "Till the Nation with adding were heartily tired;—
 "The thing was so plain, it was scarcely worth men-
 tioning,
 "It was anti-Republic—this system of pensioning,

policy.—This might be a popular measure, but when the increase of taxation, which such expenses probably *would* make necessary, was felt by the people, he doubted whether it would preserve its popularity, &c. &c.

Mr. T. M. N. remarked in favour of the Bill, that the amount of expenditures it occasioned, was yearly diminishing by the deaths and marriages of the widows.—As to the unpopularity of the measure he would venture to say, that there could not be expended, any portion of our revenue that would give such general satisfaction as that which provides for the helpless widows, who lost their protectors, &c. &c.

Mr. H. said there were 1400 individuals concerned, as appeared by the pension list.—The principle for which, he contended had been recognized by the best men, and the oldest governments; and by those particularly to which ours bore the greatest resemblance;—which he illustrated by a reference to Anacharsis's Travels, &c. &c. With regard to the popularity of the law, if that argument were to have any weight, he would answer for its finding favour.—"Go to any farmer, to any ploughman in your country.—"Tell him of Montgomery, and of Mercer, of Pike and of Covington, and you touch a chord to which his heart responds—Though "poor, he is *generous*."

Mr. R. of ———, proposed to amend the Bill.

Mr. P. of C. spoke in opposition to the Bill.

Mr. J. of Ky. thought the Bill bottomed upon the true principles of our Government, and sustained by justice, without reference to the duties of charity ———. We have lately voted upwards of

“ And another thing was,—its effect on the purse
 “ (And he said there was none that the people thought
 worse)

“ Would induce them the Bill and its authors to curse.”

Mr. N****n remarked our cash we should save,
 “ For some widows were annually laid in the grave,
 “ And besides, if we took out all those that were mar-
 rying,
 “ Very few for the pensions behind would be tarrying,

two millions of money annually, it is computed, (and I thank my God for it,) for the relief of the surviving officers and soldiers of the Revolutionary War, and that money is disbursed in the Eastern States principally, the West having been at that time a wilderness.---And would gentlemen of the Eastern States refuse this small distribution, &c. &c. &c.---The whole amount of the pensions was not more than \$100,000 annually-- and where was it to go?---To the patrician?---To him who bathed in the sunshine of ease, while the arm of the brawny inhabitant of the West wielded his rifle in his defence. No! it was to go to objects who must command regard,---to objects of charity *who would so remain.*

Mr. S. again addressed the House in support of the ground he had before taken.

Mr. P. made a few remarks.

Mr. W. P. Mc. moved for the Bill to lie on the table with a view to the farther examination of the collateral provisions of other laws. Negatived, &c. &c.

Mr. H. spoke a considerable length, and summed up his opinions with the broad position, that the children of those who died in the public service, ought to be educated at the public expense, till they were 18 years of age, and their widows be shielded from absolute want, &c. &c.

Mr. R. moved another amendment, &c. &c. &c.

Vide Debate, in Nat. Int.

“ And he could not believe there were many objectors,
 “ ’Mongst the people, to pay for their murdered pro-
 tectors.—”

Mr. H*rr*s*n rose, and began by appealing,
 To the sense of the members, as well as their feeling,
 He said “ Mr. Speaker, unless I have blunder’d,
 “ There are of these widows, one thousand five hun-
 dred
 “ Who claim your protection, and Sir, by my soul !
 “ I say, let yóur charity cover the whole :—
 “ Read, Sir, if you please, Anacharsis’s Travels,—
 “ Republican policy he *there* unravels,
 “ Aristides and Cimon,—I often have read of it,—
 “ All the *des* and the *ons* were besides at the head of
 it ;—
 “ And as for the people,—why tell them of Pike,
 “ Montgomery, Mercer, such names, and the like,
 “ I will venture to say ev’ry farmer ’ll be willing
 “ Though I *know* he’s not *able*, to pay his last shilling.”

Mr. R*ch, said “ before to the Senate you send
 “ The Bill, there are parts I would wish to amend.”
 Mr. P*t**n declar’d “ that this pension would stand
 “ On ground very diff’rent from what was first given,
 “ For *that* ’t was avow’d, was in lieu of the land
 “ And that if we went on, we should all just be driven
 “ To extend to the Reg’lars exactly the same,
 “ And should have o’er and o’er the identical game.”

- Mr. J*****, a foe to all duplicate dealing,
 Arose, as is usual, with plenty of feeling ;
 He said, that “ he rose, with the present intent”
 “ To express, on the Bill, what was his “*senti-ment* :”
 “ This Bill, Mr. Speaker, it has for its bottom,
 “ Republican principle,—all others, rot ’em,
 “ Both justice and char’ty, I say Sir,—I say Sir,
 “ Require,—I tell you,—this day Sir, this day Sir,
 “ Require this House Sir, they loudly require it,
 “ And I have little doubt that the widows desire it,
 “ Require this House, for it’s no more than fair
 “ To give them—to give them—all that we can spare ;
 “ Yes ! did we not lately—and *I* thank my God for it,
 “ Though so little it was, we deserve not a nod for
 it,—
 “ Not vote the Old Soldiers a couple of millions ?
 “ I wish from my soul ’twere as many quatrillions,—
 “ And now, though distinction I hate, geographic,
 “ And barter and sale and all that sort of traffic,—
 “ Yet as all the old soldiers reside in the East
 “ To vote for the widows, I say is the least
 “ Which the Yankees can do ;—why so little ’twill
 take,
 “ That one hundred thousand what’s wanted will
 make :—
 “ And where will it go ?—what !—to the patrician ?—
 “ No !—sooner may all of it go to perdition ;
 “ The brawny Backwoodsman ’t was took up his rifle
 “ To fight for his country and thought it a trifle :—

“ Let it go to his widow, who wants it, ’tis plain Sir,
 “ And whose *wants*, while she lives, will not *cease* to
 remain Sir.”

Mr. S*****s again took his stand on the floor
 And repeated his arguments over once more ;—
 Whilst P***** supported the ground he had taken,
 And shew’d himself never by mem’ry forsaken.
 Mc. C*y moved to lay the whole bill on the table
 Until *he* to judge of it better was able,
 Which the House just refused, or perhaps it would
 never
 Be again taken up, but would lie there forever.—

It was then Mr. H. had his anger provoked,
 And said, “ though perhaps, Sir, you think I but
 joked,
 “ I now am prepared, Mr. Speaker, to say,
 “ That even for schooling their sons, I would pay,
 “ Until they grew up to be something like men,
 “ And I don’t know but what I would pay for it then ;
 “ In nothing—you start—my support ever will
 “ Be given you,—unless you vote for this Bill ;—
 “ The widows from absolute want you should keep
 “ And not be afraid Sir, of plunging too deep ;
 “ For each debt you incur, will be paid for again
 “ By their Sons, when the full fighting age they
 attain ;—
 “ Their wants *I’d* supply Sir, what’er it betides,
 “ For they’re widows, I tell you,—and women be-
 sides.”

Mr. R**h then proposed an amendment,—another,
To the former, I think 'twas a kind of twin brother ;
And T****r exclaimed “ lest the Bill should be lost

Sir,

“ The *is* should be dotted, and *ts* should be cross'd

Sir.”

After him] Mr. O**e, I think he the last
Said something or other, and then the Bill pass'd.—
By the sketch I have given you of this debate,
You see that such matters, I'm fit to relate.

TUESDAY.

To continue,—last night we all went to a dance,
*Chez Monsieur de N*****e, Ministre de France,*
Dolly said “ it was given because the French Nation
“ Had recently had a *grand evacuation*
“ Of something, I think that they call it a *lize*,
“ Though what it is Kate, I can't tell for my eyes,—
“ Unless it be some sort of dreadful disease,
“ Such as one has when one has been *eating of peas*—”
“ Shame, Shame” I said “ Dolly,—such ignorance,—
 fie it is !—
“ They are persons who *rob* for the Bible Societies”—

[2] On examining the Records, we cannot find that the gentleman who is probably here alluded to, spoke at all on this question : but as we are told, that he *would* have spoken thus, we have permitted the two lines to remain.

You see what it is Aunt, for one to be knowing
 A little of ev'ry thing almost that's going.—
 But this dance—I will tell you what Pa said about it,
 And that he knows it well, Aunt, you surely don't
 doubt it ;

Though he'll call me a parrot, if ever he hear
 That I got it from him ; and Bobby I fear
 Will bore me with his “ philosophical reason”
 Why it is for all women, a thing out of season
 To talk politics ;—“ as the matter of fact is,
 “ If they could understand 'em, they never could
 practice.”—

But what Papa said !— it was quite interesting,
 Tho' whether in earnest, or he was but jesting,
 I know not :—'twas this,—that these very allies
 For the good of mankind had made France a good
 prize ;

And had joined against Nap at the Holy Alliance
 Lest *he* should again set the world at defiance :—
 And had chain'd him somewhere in the midst of the
 ocean,

For fear that these French in some whimsical notion,
 (Tho' surely no less than themselves they abhor him)
 If he ever got loose—they again might be for him ;
 And though one would think there no danger could be
 From this great *millin* genius, thus chained in the
 sea

And that it was hard the poor French should so smart,
 For the sake of a rascal they hate from their heart,

Yet these vultures turned in, and began to devour
 Not Boney himself—but those foes to his power
 Whom they came to relieve,—but whom, after re-
 flexion,

They thought 'twould be best to retain in subjection
 Till they suck'd all the blood, and they fobb'd all
 the money³

So dang'rous to Louis as well as to Boney.

“But what most surprised him” he said “was to see”

The principal folks at this great jubilee

Were the men who so lately with loud exultation

Rejoic'd France was in th' Allies' *occupation*,

Which they now on a sudden so glad to see past werè,

That they laugh'd and they ate, and they drank even
 faster

Than they did at *those feasts* which in honour they
 gave⁴

Of the ruin of France and the death of the brave;

[3] Vultures fobbing money affords an example of that heteroge-
 nous compound of metaphorical absurdities, the propensity to which
 constitutes perhaps one of the distinguishing characteristics of the
 Fudge Family, and is an expression scarcely surpassed by that of
 the “crocodile putting his hand in his breeches pocket.”—Perhaps
 Miss Kitty may have contracted her intimacy with the *jumble style*,
 as we believe it is called by Martinus Scriblerus, from the habit of
 attending a certain Honourable Body, where she might have heard
 Mr. G ****t say “the tobacco was *shipped* on board a *wagon*,”
 and Mr. T. declare that “he had never heard of such a doctrine,
 in the *vocabulary* of Dictionaries, or in the *art* of morals.”

[4] Feasts given by a certain description of gentlemen, *anglica-
 nis anglicaniores* in the late war, to celebrate the triumphs of
 Legitimacy.

When M*ri*s hosannahs began fierce to sing
 “France reposes at last in the arms of her King,”
 “And to those who will join us we’ll give a great ball,
 “And to make it more *worthy*—in *Washington Hall*.”

There were T——y and O**s and all of that set,
 Whom G*v*rn*r Cl*nt*n in New-York once met,
 When to put Jemmy down, both himself and the Feds,
 In club caballistic, consulted bl**kheads ;—
 Besides many others too tedious to mention,
 Who Papa says were all at the Hartford Convention ;
 Which I own Aunt, I thought was abundantly curious
 As *Conventions* you know against dancing are furious.
 Oh ! talking of this, Aunt,—Oh, blame not at all
 Your niece just for coming to one *private ball* ;
 Nor think strange that I who a pistol so fear,
 Should seem in this instance so little to care,
 For the *canon* that has been from Winchester pointed,
 By the clergy and deputies,—no doubt anointed—
 ’Gainst all who were caught either playing or dancing,
 Or seen in a race field most wickedly prancing,—
 Excuse me, if on this occasion I fish up
 A reason for not minding our good Bishop
 And for daring to go to this impious dance,
 At the Minister’s too, of *most Catholic France*.—

You know we Virginians, with respect to amusing
 Ourselves, have a laudable manner of choosing
 To think independently ;—I do the same,
 In all other matters that one can well name.—

It was you yourself taught me, to give up a reason
Without being convinc'd, against MIND is high
treason ;

And Papa always said it was not democratick,
So I never will do it ;—to be quite emphatic
No, I never will do it,—at least till I change it,
Though all Bishops on this earth were so to
arrange it.

And besides, in this matter, if *I* understand
The arrangement which our Convention have
plann'd,

At "*public balls*" only their *canon* they level,—
As its only *that kind* which sends one to the devil.

As soon as I fix'd at the ball to appear
Not to kick quite so high as the ladies do here
I determin'd,—and Bob who's a mathematician
With a sextant consented to take my *position*,
And if forty degrees I should ever exceed,
To cry Kitty dear, Sister Kitty, take heed !
For besides that this kicking is not very decent
A lady one night on occasion that's recent
Who essay'd, in the mode of this place, a right angle,
In a gentleman's pocket her foot did entangle,
And whilst all the rest merry frisking in reels were,
In an instant, her head, it was plac'd where her
heels were !—

[5] See the Journal of the Convention at Winchester.—The difference between *private* and *public* balls appears to have no foundation in Scripture ; but the one is a *patrician* assembly, the other promiscuous. *Ah ! vous y voild, Messieurs De l'Eglise D'Angleterre !—a little of the old leaven !*

I declare on my honour, 'tis really shocking,
 That ladies should shew quite so much of the
 stocking ;
 And that kicking before or behind, as they hop,
 Their shoes—shew the bottoms as well as the top.

I assure you dear Aunt, I learnt to behave,
 Before I came here,—and save *one kiss* I gave
 Mrs. H. which would not have been wrong in Vir-
 ginia,
 I've done nothing *very* wrong since I have been
 here :—

Now at this very ball that I tell you about,
 When a gentleman sometimes to dance took me out,
 Quite reluctantly always my hand I presented,
 Then I half drew it back just as if I repented,
 And when too far at last, I had got to retreat,
 Wouldn't look in his face, but look'd down at my feet,
 And, (I have an example as you may suppose)
 Like Washington, scratched on the ground with my
 toes,⁶

When he ask'd to repeat I consented with pain,
 And said I preferr'd in my seat to remain.—
 Then the fashion here is that the gentlemen begs
 To conduct you to supper, as if both your legs
 Had forgotten to walk,—though if here they want feet,
 The ladies at supper convince you on meat

[6] This trait of nature is described by the Rev. M. L. Weems,
 the most popular biographer of Washington.

That they have both their hands, and can use them
beside

Without aid from their beaux too, who only divide
The turkeys and pheasants, for it saves them much
time—

Quite a serious thing at this grand *pantomime*,
Where the libel that ladies are very loquacious,
Is refuted by silence the most contumacious—
Well I say when to supper the gentlemen led
Mama and myself, our appetite fled,
Though when we got home, Mama said “Oh! the
deuce!

“I was hungry enough to have eaten a goose.”
Whilst I more chagrin’d still, with tears down my
face,
Cry’d whim’ring aloud, I’d have managed a brace.

It was not so with Dol, I assure you dear Aunt,—
Besides partridges, patés, and part of a brant,
With as much unconcern as if no one were present,
She devour’d the wings and the breast of a pheasant,
Drank of coffee three dishes—ate a salver of jelly
And of ice-creams how many I really can’t tell ye;
And quaff’d off besides two full glasses of wine,⁷
Whilst with perfect good-breeding I only sipp’d mine;
But that is the way in all cities they do,
And I wish from my heart ’twas the country way too:
Though this, *à là part*, is between me and you.—

[7] This is in strict conformity to the rules of Lord Chesterfield,
“At dinner two glasses at least I approve,
Name the first to the king, and the next to your love.”

Then you can't think how silent amidst all the buz,
 Before, at, and after the supper I was ;
 Though at home as you know, I have no lack of
 tongue,
 Yet I vow, as I live, I'd agree to be hung,
 Before I'd, as Dol does, unbridle it so
 As to say, at a ball more than just *yes* or *no*,
 Or would ever as she does consent to be teased,
 With jokes about lovers and seem to be pleased ;
 And when I have been so, I always have tried,
 Like Heroines in novels, to look dignified ;
 And such frowns to some chaps I have recently given,
 Who talked about love that my glance would have
 riven
 If they'd not been like granite,⁸ their *craniums* in
 twain,
 And have shown, what I doubt if they had, any brain.

But alas ! must I tell you before I conclude,
 What a sad disappointment, that ev'ning I rued,
 The *Viscount* and *Baron*—I've seen them both,
 And tho' they are plants of a different growth ;
 (Like a *piony* one of them look'd to my eyes,
 An *Adonis*⁹ the other—that is *like* in size,)

[8] This is not the most perfect simile Miss Kitty might have made. Mineralogists inform us that granite is composed of feldspar quartz, and mica ; and it would require much more penetration than the young lady possessed to discover any thing *micaceous* in the heads at Washington, either of the chaps or chaplings, or in C——ss.

[9] The *flos Adonis* : remarkable for its diminutiveness—and loveliness.

Neither one nor the other resembles a pink
 More than onions, which do in comparison s**nk;¹⁰
 The one's a huge creature, the other's a tit,
 And like Count Altenburg, ah! they are not a bit.—
 I thought upon honour, that when Baron Dhroom,
 Between two young ladies came into the room
 In a full suit of black, like a hyphen he look'd
 Which together two very long syllables hook'd :—
 The Baron's too little—the Viscount's too fat,
 And what is still less like a *hero* than that,
 I am told that he waltzes (i expect 'tis too true)
 And that for a husband, Oh, never will do!
 For I own that the man that I marry, dear Aunt,
 If he wishes to waltz with another—he sha'nt;¹¹
 For the rights of the wives and the husbands are
 equal,
 As I'll prove in my life—though perhaps in the sequel.

But my prospects of getting a hero, thus vanish'd
 Of marry'ng another all thought I have banish'd;
 Though Bob says so well I myself can deceive
 (And I *feel* like 'twas *true*, though 'tis *false* I *believe*)
 That my husband, though wicked, blind, silly and
 lame,
 I would *fancy* a Hero—so 't all is the same.—

[10] Some letters of this word are effaced; but as Miss Kitty is a lady of great delicacy, we suggest the deficiency may be supplied by the letters *i* or *hi*: *sink* or *shrink*.

[11] “I confess that I then determined, that the woman I loved, should never waltz with any other man.” *Sorrows of Werter*.

But ah me ! I'm heartily sick of these follies,
 And I vow if it were not for Pa's sake—and Dolly's,
 Who *will* have me go to such places as these,
 After *three* parties more my own fancy I'd please,
 By returning to you, in those sycamore groves
 Where the eye over nature delightfully roves,
 Where 'midst flow'rs and streams dull Reality flies,
 And Sentiment bears you aloft to the skies,
 Where fashion no longer imperious reigns,
 Our petticoats shortens nor turns our brains,
 Nor the presence of strangers one's eating restrains.

What repasts of the soul there !—how pure and how
 chaste !

We'd enjoy with a library, *after my taste*,—
 Viz. a Pray'r Book,—the Poems and Novels of Scott,
 The Bible, and Byron,—(Tom Moore I'd have not¹²)
 All the novels of Edgeworth,—and Sermons a plenty,
 (Which you know I'm so fond of, one day I read
 twenty—)

With Malthus and Smith, and Ricardo's *Œ*conomy,
 Maclaurin and Simpson, and Vince's Astronomy,
 Aristotle in Greek too—and Burns's Obstetrics.—
 And, all earthly science that I might the better mix,
 Cyclopedias a plenty—and all the Reviews,
 That of each I might learn just as much as I choose—
 With a Byron or Ovid, in *smali duodecimo*,
 (It would *be* rather small if it were any less you know)

[12] Mr. Moore is not a favourite with the Virginia ladies.

To recline now and then, beneath some shady tree,
 And appearing to read, though my eye-lashes see¹³
 A Hero, who stands on the opposite shore,
 Exclaim to himself " Ah ! how lovely, how pure !
 " Are the children of nature compar'd with these
 " creatures,
 " Who deform by a life in the Town, their fair features;
 " Oh ! I wish I'd a boat, and I knew how to row it !"
 And *I* would wish too,—but I'd not let him know it.

Then *if* with this Hero my fate 'twas to wed,
 And the path of this life we together should tread,
 How deliciously then would the stream of Life glide,
 As rolling along it grew wide and more wide,
 And at last disappeared in Time's great ocean tide.

[13] See the last note in the Appendix.

5198

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NOTES.

(Page 4.)

As like an Hamadryad I stroll'd 'mongst the trees.

Although our modern country nymphs and the ancient Hamadryads have an almost complete resemblance, being both such lovers of trees as to justify Servius's derivation of the name from ἄμα and δρῦς, i. e. they were born and died with a certain tree, yet a careful and classical observer may discover an interesting distinction. The vitality of the ancient Hamadryads, as we learn from Ovid, (Meta. lib. 8. v. 749) was chiefly connected with oaks, "Dordonia quercus";—the modern nymphs, as appears from a former part of the text, are rather attached to pines. It is to be hoped too that our nymphs are not destined to reach the same venerable distinction that the Hamadryads are said by Ausonius to have acquired, to be the *oldest* nymphs in the world, nor to sacrifice what one of them did to Æneas for the sake of a tree. Vide the story as related from Charron of Lampsacus, by Natalis Comes, (Mythol. iv. cap. 11.)

(Page 5.)

Resemble a curious genus of Pisces.

It is difficult to say whether Miss Kitty uses this expression in the sense in which the English say "an odd fish," or whether she really means to assert that there is a similitude between a modern lady of fashion, and a whole *genus* of fish. Our perplexity arises, not only from an ignorance of ichthyology, but from the difficulty of ascertaining the point of view in which the comparison is made,—whether it relates to form, habits, moral or physical qualities, or to all united. Artedi,

Willoughby, Ray, Lacepede, &c. who have been consulted, furnish no satisfactory solution of Miss K.'s analogy. Many *genera* are described by them which obviously bear a considerable resemblance to that *lusus artis*, a young lady accoutred in the height of the modern fashion, but they all fail in some essential particular. Thus we are told by Lacepede of the *squale marteau*, the *squa'us zygaena, capite latissimo transverso mallei instar* of Linnaeus. "Sa conformation est *frappante*," (good,) but he says it balances itself by its *head*, which is notoriously the very part by which young ladies always lose their balance; but he further observes, "les yeux sont placés au *baut* de ce marteau, sont *gros et saillans*," (this corresponds well enough with the fashionable stare, not occasioned as in fish, by the absence of *palpebrae*, but by their *non use*.) But in the following description all observers of the female eye will agree that the comparison entirely fails:—"pour peu que l'animal s'irrite, il tourne et anime, d'une manière *effragante, ses yeux qui s'enflamment*." Of the *squale pantouflier*, the *squalus tiburo* of Linnaeus, called in French Guiana, *la demoiselle*, the author tells us, "la tête a quelque ressemblance avec un *coeur*," - a resemblance which those who have studied women, pretend frequently to have observed, differing however, as to whether they are equally *hard*, or equally *soft*:—"La langue est cartilagineuse, *rude*, (hence probably the name of *squale*, or *squall*, and *squalus catulus*, or *squalling little cat*) large, epuisse, *courte*, (here the analogy fails,) *arrondie par desant, attaché par dessous* (another discrepancy,) mais libre dans son contour. L'extrémité du dos, (that is, we presume, the shoulders) présente une *fossette* ou *cavité*, (here we begin to see bottom) L'estomac a une forme *conique*;"—This corresponds exactly with R. P. Knight's description of a modern beauty "equipped for conquest," (during the period of hoops and stays,) "a head so disguised as to resemble that on no living creature, placed upon an *inverted cone*, the point of which

“rested upon the centre of the curve of a semi-elliptic base more than three times the diameter of its own,” (Analyt’s Inquiry into the Principles of Taste) In the description of the *squalus squatinus* of Linnaeus, the mermaid fish of Artedi, we had hoped to have found the prototype of Miss Kitty’s fashionable young lady, but were disappointed. That of the *callyonimus lyra* gave us more satisfaction. One characteristic, which is a *sine qua non* in the analogy, is that it has “des proportions particulières dans la tête.” There are also several points of resemblance. Besides a “*membrane clignotante*,” contrary to the economy of other fish, “*l’ouverture de la bouche est très grande, et les levres et les mouvemens de la langue sont assez libres.*” But what cannot help striking one as a most remarkable coincidence is, the fact that this wonderful fish has a *limited* knowledge of music; and although it cannot mount guard by the piano, and turn over the leaves, in the right place, by an *apropos* twinkle of the *membrane clignotante*, yet we are seriously assured by the learned ichthyologist, “ils paraissent (les rayons) être entre eux, et avec le premier, dans les meme rapport que des cordes d’un instrument, destinées á donner, par le seules differences de leur longueur, les tons *ut, ut* octave, *sol, ut* double octave et *mi*, c’est á dire l’accord le plus parfait de tous ceux que la musique admet.” It ought to be no disparagement to the fish that it carries its music on its back, as a mountebank does his hand-organ, nor does it at all diminish the similitude intended to be established, for most young ladies, when they leave school, have their music only *behind* them. This hint may furnish an explanation of the common expression of negroes when they wish to signify that a person performs well on an instrument: “Missis i. e. Mistress knock piano from *back*.”—“Master draw bow from *back*.”—“Mingo hit banjur from *back*.”—But this as well as every thing else, concerning the *vocabulary* of our sable

brethren, is respectfully submitted to the Rev. Mr. M—— and his coadjutor Mr. K.

A person disposed to be satirical, might be inclined to think, that the fish here alluded to by Miss Fudge is the *gymnotus electricus*, which Lacepede tells us, (speaking of those appendages which stand them instead of clothes,) “en effet ils n’en ont, ni sur le *dos*, ni au bout de la queue, et c’est ce denouement, cette espece de nudité de leur dos qui leur a fait donner le nom qu’ils porte, et qui vient du mot grec γυμνοδος, *dos nud* ;”—the electrical quality of this fish, however will vindicate the young ladies completely

Some have suggested that *diable monoceros* in the fish in question, called so “a cause de sa forme hidieuse, sa corne pointue, (or “bonnets so high up and poking,”) et de ses nageoires qui ressemblent á des *pieds* et de *mains* ;” but we are also told, “il est *maigre* et peu *charnu*,” which but ill accords with the *embonpoint*, the “Brontes Steropesque nudus membra (Æneid) of modern belles.” Others have said that it is the *Lapdogaster*, because “its body (according to Goldsmith) is cuneiform, its head oblong and *forwarder* than the body, which has a kind of *bony breast plate* ;” (or corsetts)—but all these suppositions are, at best, conjectural. The context appears to indicate that similitude of shape, rather than physical or moral qualities suggested the comparison. We are of opinion that the fish has not been hitherto described by ichthyologists, and is nothing more perhaps than the fish seen on the coast of Caithness in 1808, of which some account is given in the Scot’s Magazine. In this however we differ from the fishermen on the Piankitank, whom we have consulted on this weighty matter, as being *ichthyophagists* of the same school with Miss Fudge. They believe that after all, this fish is nothing more than the *mud-cat*, and that Miss K, meant at the same time that she insinuated a resemblance to the *feline* race, to satyrisé the propensity of young ladies to walk in the *mud*,

as the comparison, or the mistake of Linnæus is supposed to be made when he sees them walking in the streets of Washington.

The propriety of considering the *whale* a *fish*, we shall leave to be determined by counsellor Sampson and Dr. Mitchill.

(Page 5.)

Left the toga at home and continually wore 'em.

Miss Kitty, though she appears to be for assimilating the education of the two sexes in most things, does not give us to understand whether she approves of their dressing alike. We presume however, from her having been educated in Virginia, where the foppery and frippery of dress are confined entirely to her own sex, and to a few silly youths in the towns, who imitate them, she must view with contempt and derision the efforts of age and infirmity to metamorphose itself into youth and health, by the instrumentality of salt-water, corsetts, and *dandification*. An anecdote is preserved by Sextus Empiricus and Suidas, which enables us to know what one of the greatest philosophers of antiquity thought on this subject. When Plato was at the court of Dyonisius, upon being invited with Aristippus and several other guests to dance, in a purple garment, he repeated this line from the *Bacchæ* of Euripides—

Οὐκ αἶν δυναίμην θηλυν ἐνδύνοισολην

I could not bear this womanish attire.

But Aristippus receiving the garment said—

Καὶ γὰρ ἐν βακευμασιν

Οὔσ' ηγε σῶφρων ἔ διαφθραρησεῖται.

Plato might have quoted Euripides in another place—

Ψυχῆς ᾧδε γεγγαίαν φύσιν

Γυναικομιμῶ διαπρεπεῖς μορφῶματι:

Fragm. Ant. Eurip.

Dost thou array the noble form of man

In vestments borrowed from the female garb.

(Page 24.)

“ *I would not like, I think, to be so Eve-Angelic.*”

It is remarkable that Miss Dolly should have fallen upon precisely the same comparison with her relative Biddy Fudge. (See Fudge Family in Paris.) It is probable that Miss Dolly has borrowed it.—However this may be, we are persuaded that the figure is founded upon a gross misconception of the character of our ancient Mother, on whom it is a gross libel to assert that she ever appeared, even before a husband, in the primitive drapery which the Quarterly Reviewers say is worn by the waiting-women of the Virginia Planters.—“ Others,” says the learned Stackhouse, speaking of this subject, “ take the expression (naked) rather in a figurative sense, viz. to denote the commission of such crimes as a man in his senses may well be ashamed of.— And to this purpose they have observed that when Moses returned from the Mount, and found that the people had made and consecrated a golden image, the expression in scripture is *that the people were naked*, i. e. were become vile and reprobate sinners, (for so the word *λυμνος* signifies in the New Testament, Rev. xvi. 15) for *Aaron had made them naked, unto their shame, among their enemies :*” Exod. xxxii. 25, vide Le Ceres’ comment.—Now those who take it in this sense have observed further, that by the word *nakedness*, (according to the usual modesty of the Hebrew tongue) are meant all the irregular appetites to — pleasure, which Adam and Eve were strangers to in their state of innocence, but began now first to experience, and which the intoxicating juice of the fruit might well excite. (Nichol’s Conference, Vol. I.) Indeed the absurdity of the general belief must be evident to any one who reflects a moment; for if a lady “ *half-naked* at a ball or race” excites such vehement disgust, what would one entirely so do?

(Page 21.)

“ *Yet the Negrophyles think, that it still is too plain.*”

We are reluctantly forced to believe that this reproachful term is applied by Miss Dolly to that worthy society for colonizing the free people of colour ;—or to their still more worthy co-laborers, the abolitionists—co-laborates, because the exertions of both tend to the same desirable end, *emancipation*. The only difference appears to be, that the one wishes to proceed by transplanting, the other by engrafting—the one by persuasion, the other by force—the one are *reformers*, the other *revolutionists* ;—for what idea but that of revolution and bloodshed is contained in the avowed opposition of the abolitionists to the colonizers, on the ground, *that the bonds of servitude in relation to the slaves will be evidently strengthened by transporting the free people*. In plain English, that they (the slaves) will not be *so soon* in a condition to renew the horrors of St. Domingo, and assert independence. We have not yet ascertained whether this philanthropic society prefer, for the purpose of producing the contemplated identity between the two races, (as we shall insist on calling them as long as there is strong *prima facie* evidence for it, or as Mr. P. would say, so much *colour* for the opinion) to proceed by immersion in *oxy-muriatic acid*, the plan of the late enlightened and philanthropic Dr. Rush, (who however, we much fear was quizzing the whole scheme)—or by the much less equivocal plan recommended by our countryman Barlow, and enforced with such laudable zeal by his friend, the Abbe Gregoire, who informs us that it has produced at St. Helena, “ a magnificent variety of mulattos ”

We are ourselves in favour of the transporting system, because our half-civilized, half-christian brethren would sooner relapse (return I should say) to that primitive simplicity of manners, customs and religion from which they have been so mercilessly metamorphosed. The success of those gentlemen

is however more terrifying to slave-holders, than agreeable to philanthropists.

(Page 49.)

“ *But when Threadneedle Zephyrs inspire her wings,*”

This line probably alludes to the ancient opinion, that the music of the swan proceeded from its wings, which, as they expanded, received the inspiration of Zephyr.—Thomas Bartolinus, an anatomist, who contends with Olaus Rudbeck the honour of having first discovered the Lymphatics, and who is entitled to singular esteem for having been the first to receive and defend the Harveian or Servetian system of the circulation of the blood, cites several authorities for this opinion in his Treatise, *De Cygni Anatome, ejusque cantu*, among which are the latin lines already given, and the following from Gregory Nazianzen:—

Τις ὁ κυκνῶ συνυραίνων
την ᾠδὴν ὅταν εκπελαση το πτερον ταῖς αὔραις, και ποιη
μέλος το συριγμα. (Orat. 34. Tom. I. p. 544—ed. 1630.)

And the following line from Statius' first Sylva,

Oleaque gaudentes plauseunt omina cygni. (v. 146.)

None of these passages however express the opinion so clearly as many others which might have been cited from Homer, Aristophanes, and many equally respectable authorities.—The expression in Apollonius Rhodius is more explicit.

Κύκνοι κινησῶσιν ἔδν μελος. (Arg. 1. IV. V. 130.)

As well as this from Anacreon,

Ἄγι τις κυκνῶς Κυῦσρα

Ποδίῳσι πιεροῖσι μεδπῶν

Ἄνεμα δυναυλον ηχην. (Carm. 56. v. 33.)

The ancients carried their researches into these matters to a very great extent. In ‘the Frogs’ Aristophanes makes the disciples of Socrates tell Strepsiades that his master

Ἀνηρετ' αὐτὸν Χαιρετ' ὁ Σηηττιος

Θάττρα την γλώσσην ἔχοι τὰς ἐμπιδὰς
Κατὰ το σόμ' ἄδειν, ἢ κεραδιον τερροπῦγιον.

Interrogabat ipsum Chærepho iste Spettius
Ultrum statueret culices ore sonum edere,
An podice ?

(Page 50)

“ *And though wrought with the pains of a Pythian priestess.*”

The Pythia, or Priestess of Apollo, the spasms of whose infuriated fancy so much resemble his lordship's poetical paroxysms. His lordship appears of all modern poets to have been most under the influence of that peculiar effluvium or exhalation, that *vis tenæ* (as Cicero calls it) *que mentem Pathiæ divino afflatu concitabat* ; the effect of which Boileau describes in these lines.

Du sein d'un prêtre, emu d'une divine horreur
Appollon par des veis exhala sa fureur.

(Art. Poétique, Chant. 4, ver. 153.)

There are other points of resemblance between the Pythia and his lordship ; for example the industrious Pindaric obscurity in which they both deliver their earth-inspired conceptions, as we are told in Plutarch (De Pyth. Orac.) who has preserved the apothegm of Herachus—*Οὔτε λέγει, στε κρύπτει, ἀδδὰ σκιάζει*. That the God neither declares explicitly, nor conceals entirely, but suggests only the figurative hint. It was from this quality in his Priestess, that Apollo derived the title of Lorias, in allusion to the mysterious terms under which his oracles were couched, so that the interpreter stood in need of an interpretation, *ut interpret egeat interprete*. Hence arose the necessity of Ὑποσηλαί, or subordinate prophets, whose employment was to unravel the intricacies of the prophetess. and decypher her equivocal words into proper language. The Ὑποσηλαί of his Lordship are the Edinburgh Reviewers and Mr. Hobhouse. Again they are assimilated by

the prodigious efforts, the violent throes of their oracular ———s. The effluvium, or *vis tenæ*, produced a violent frenzy which agitated the minds of the prophets, and compelled them (says Justin) when filled by the God to declare their responses. Nothing can exceed the rage, the furious contortions of the priestess when the “incola Pythius,” as Horace calls it, took possession of her inspired mind. It is doubtless to these parturient throes that Lucan alludes.

Sic plena labocat
Phemonæ Phœbo.

L. IV. v. 185.

(Page 97.

————— see
A hero who stands on the opposite shore
Exclaim &c. &c.

This is not an unusual mode of expression among poets, and is used by the authority of some of the most distinguished writers ancient and modern. Thus the chorus in Eschylus in his *Seven against Thebes*, exclaims

Κτύπον δέδορκα,
Πάταγόν τ' ὄυχ' ἐνός δορός. (v. 104.)

I see a noise and the rattling of many spears.

The same poet makes Vulcan, in his *Prometheus*, inform the latter that he must fix him to a solitary rock, “where he will neither see the voice nor the form of any mortal.”

Ἴν' ὄστε φωνῆν, ὄστε τε μορφῆν βροτῶν
Ὀψεί. (v. 22.)

Thus also Sophocles makes Oedipus Coloneus, advancing from the grove of the Eumenedes, exclaim to the chorus

Ὅδ' ἐκεῖνος ἐγὼ φωνῆ γὰρ ὄρω
Τὸ φατιζόμενον. (v. 137.)

Behold me here; for by your voice I see
Your words.

Thus also Virgil

Talibus ardentem Æneas et torva tuentem
Lanibat dictis animum. (*Æn.* 6. v. 468.)

And in the Epithalamium of Catullus we find

Canent quod visere par est. (*Carmin.* 61. v. 9)

Dryden, in his dramatick opera of King Arthur, introduces
the blind Emmeline, who says

O Father, Father, I am sure you are here
Because *I see* your voice ;
And I can tell you how the sound on't looks.

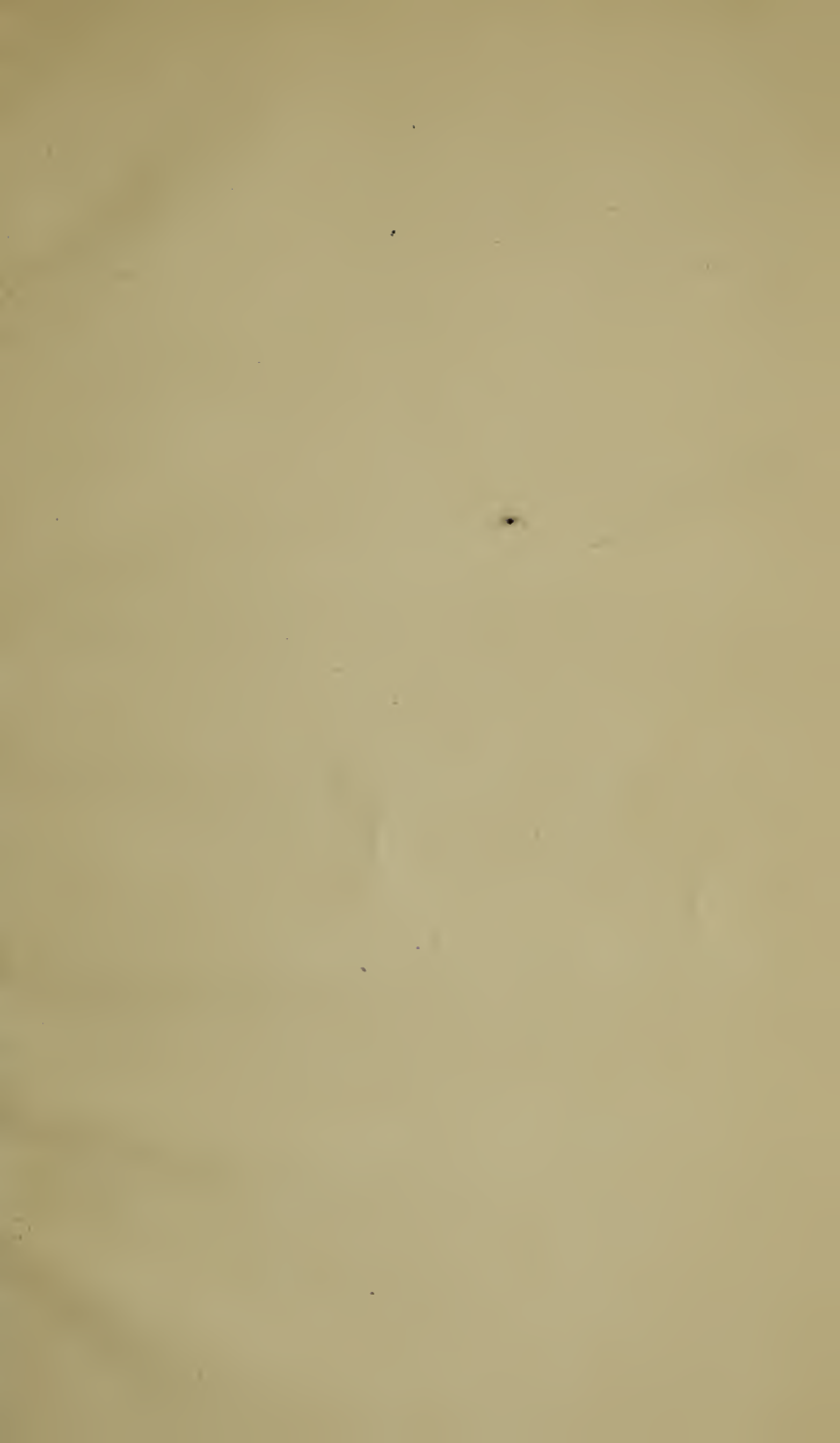
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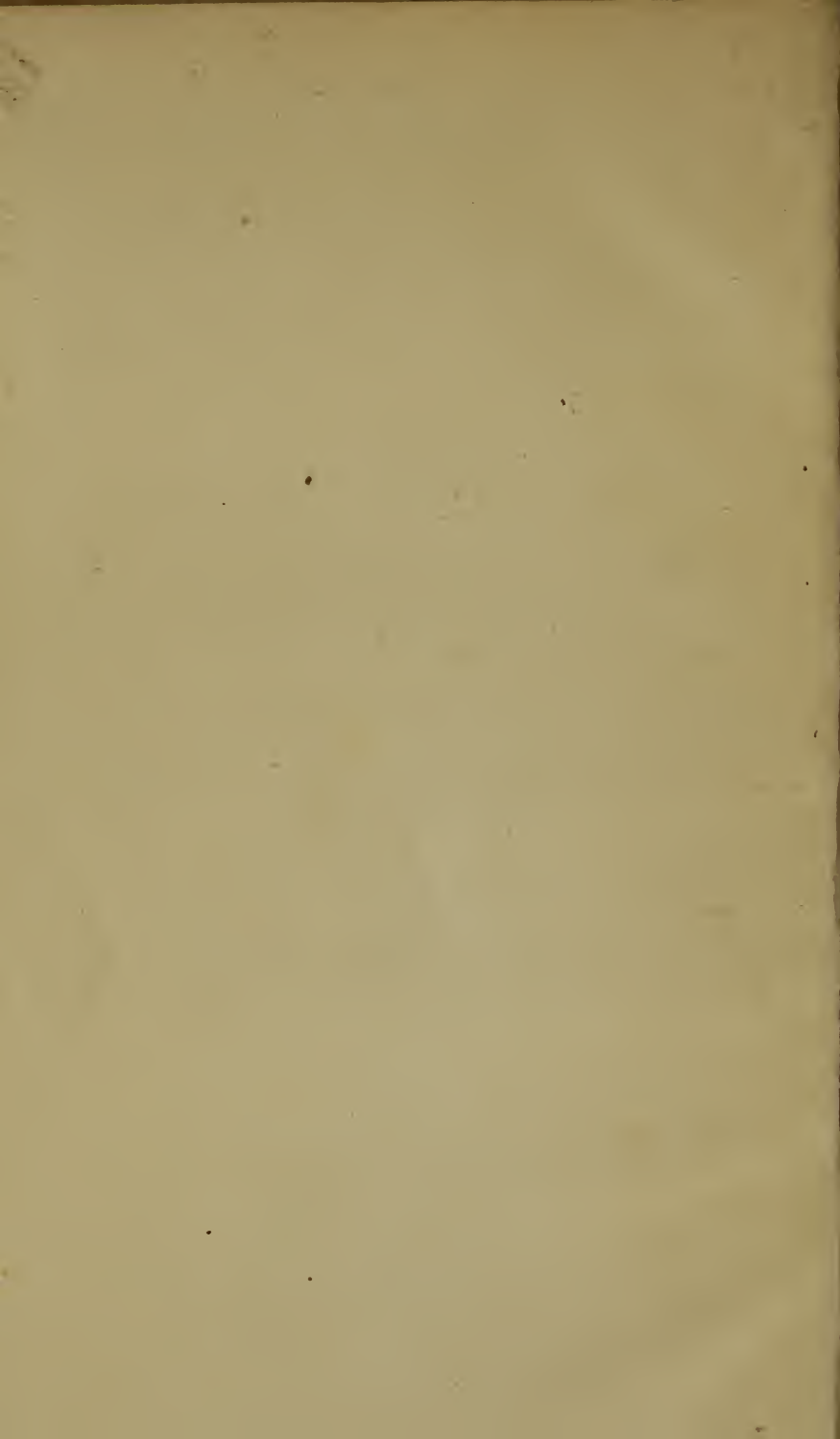
Let 'em not *see* our voices, and then they cannot
find us ;

For when he spoke, through my shut eyes I saw him,
His voice look'd ugly.

Shakespeare, than whom no writer abounds more in such
“startling peculiarities,” evidently intends to ridicule this
mode of speaking in the following lines, from which it is
fair to conclude, that they were levelled at some contempo-
rary poets.—

“*I see a voice ;* now will I to the chink,
“*To spy an I can hear my Thisbe's face.*”





B.P.L. Bindery.
MAR 27 1879



